ANC

teens

August • September

10¢

BAMBI LINN

(SEE PAGE 14)

Fan Male

WILLIAM EYTHE

Fan Male this month is a man from Mars — Pennsylvania. About 1200 people live in this small town, which is located about 25 miles from Pittsburgh, and on April 7, 1918, the population was increased by one, when William John Joseph Eythe was born. He got into the acting business at the age of nine, to please his mother. The occasion was a school play: 'Peter Rabbit.' A bit grown-up since, Bill's next picture will be 'Meet Me At Dawn.'

Keep your FAN MALE letters coming! And see the next issue of TEENS for the first Fan Males selected by you. . . . !

teens

VINCENT SULLIVAN, Publisher

RAYMOND C. KRANK, Managing Editor • GINA LEAHY, Editor • ELEANOR JOHNSON, Art Director
SALLY R. HENDERSON, Feature Editor • JUDY KIRK, Asst. Editor • KAY PARTRICK, Fashion Editor

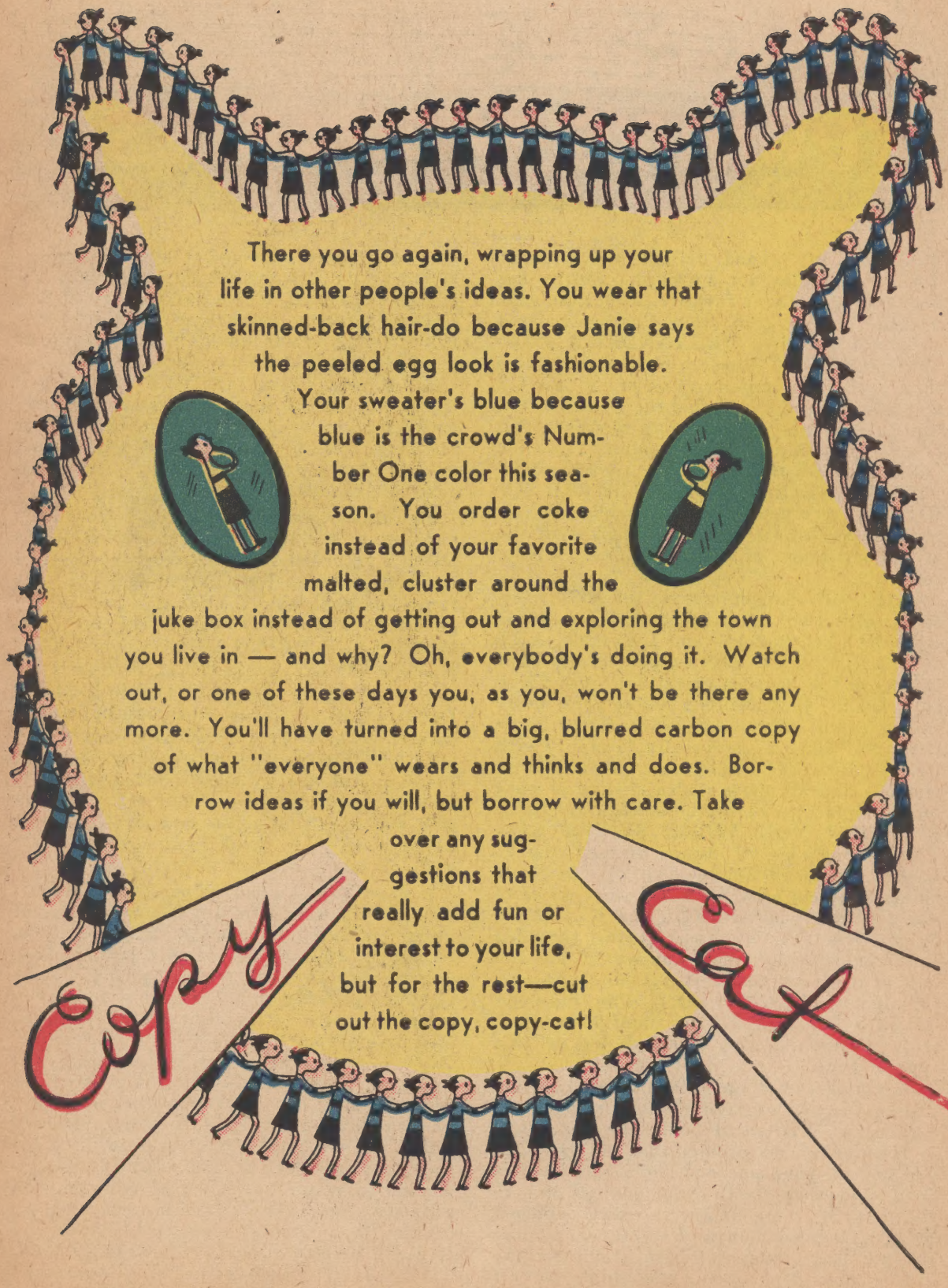
CONTENTS

COPY CAT ..... Page 3
TURNING THE TABLES with Jerry Kanner.. 4
THE BACKYARD by Leslie Nelson..... 5
WENDY 8
YOURS TRULY by Judy Kirk..... 10
BUTTON — BUTTON!..... 12
THIS IS BAMBI LINN by Bill Gale..... 14
HONEY ..... Page 16
SWING IT, AUNTIE! by Kay Richards..... 18
NANCY TAKES UP: RIDING by Gardner Fox. 24
SOME'RE PESTS by Reighe & Ottenheimer.... 26
GEO-QUIZ by Norman Daly..... 28
POOR GIRL by Kathleen Briggs..... 29
TEENA by Hilda Terry..... 33
WAIST LINES ..... Page 34

KEEN TEENS, Vol. 1, No. 6 (August-September, 1947, issue). Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises. Publication Office, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Executive and Editorial Office, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. 10¢ a copy. Subscription: 12 copies $1.00 in the U. S. and Canada; in foreign countries, $1.20. Not responsible for manuscripts or art work submitted.

All rights reserved. Contents copyrighted 1947 by Magazine Enterprises.

Printed in U. S. A. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending at the Post Office in Holyoke, Mass. Title registered U. S. Patent Office.



There you go again, wrapping up your life in other people's ideas. You wear that skinned-back hair-do because Janie says the peeled egg look is fashionable. Your sweater's blue because blue is the crowd's Number One color this season. You order coke instead of your favorite malted, cluster around the juke box instead of getting out and exploring the town you live in — and why? Oh, everybody's doing it. Watch out, or one of these days you, as you, won't be there any more. You'll have turned into a big, blurred carbon copy of what "everyone" wears and thinks and does. Borrow ideas if you will, but borrow with care. Take over any suggestions that really add fun or interest to your life, but for the rest—cut out the copy, copy-cat!

Copy Cat

TURNING THE TABLES...

with jerry kanner

LADIES, it's gonna delight the debs of *two* decades, for a record company has paired mother's favorite, Al Jolson, with daughter's very own Bing Crosby, in that perennial favorite, ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND! Taking an obvious cue from their prodigious popularity on radio, dear old *Decca* has mixed and waxed the talents of the top Jazz Singer of yesterday with the top crooner of today, and the result is a joy for jaded ears! On the other side, another oldie, THE SPANIARD WHO BLIGHTED MY LIFE, is given new life, new humour and new nuances by Jolie and the Groaner, with the artful assistance of Morris Stoloff's clever cleffers.

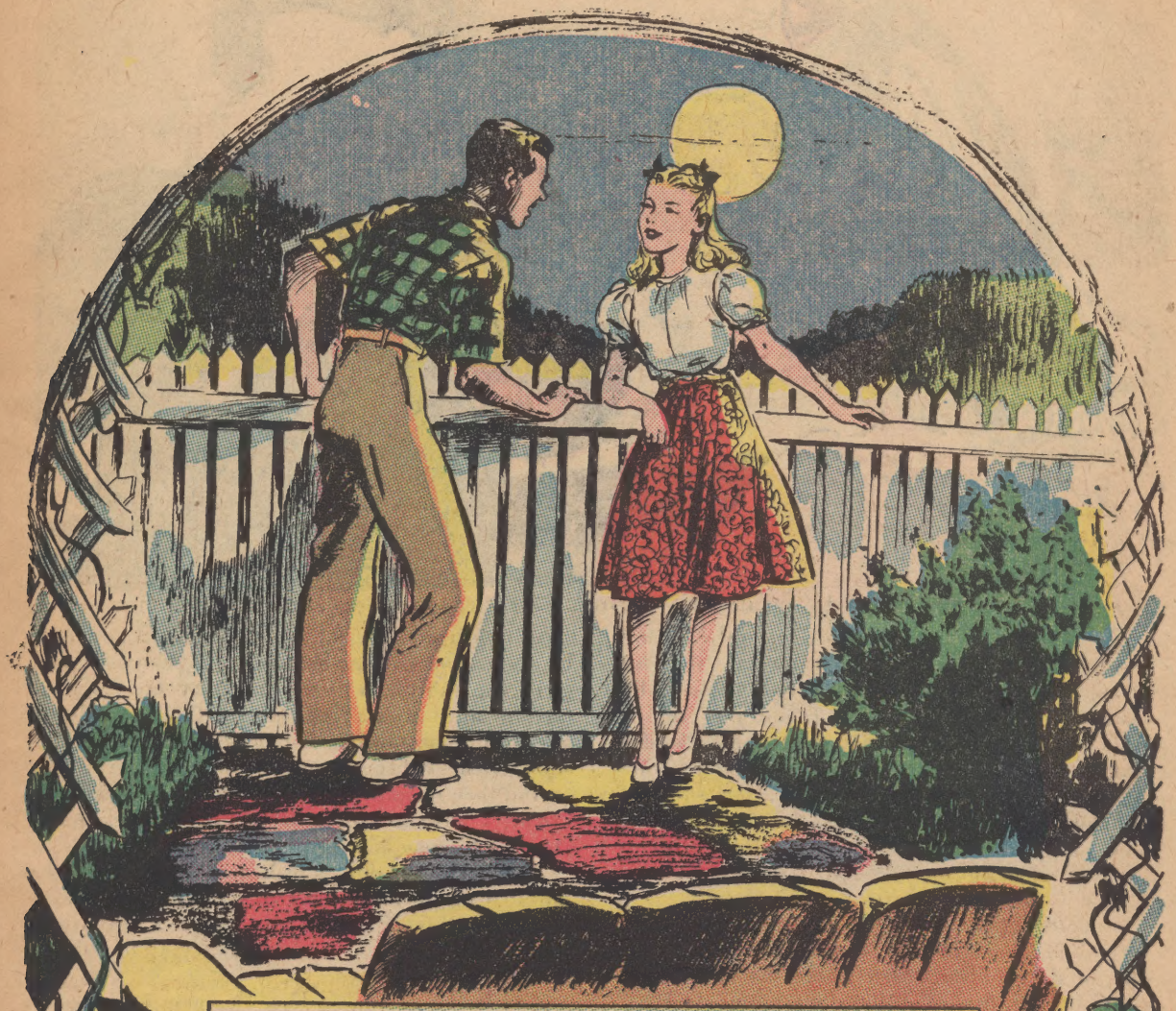
Kate Smith matriculates on the *MGM* matrixes with two beautiful ballads: AFTER GRADUATION DAY, and DREAMS ARE A DIME A DOZEN. Velvety vocals by Four Chicks & Chuck, plus grand back-grounding supplied by Jack Miller's merry men, make this a super record date with Kate. Perry Como and The Satisfiers really *do* satisfy with CHI-BABA, CHI-BABA on a *Victor* platter, and one and all show a nice change of pace on t'other side in a not too nostalgic rendition of WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN. Speaking of Sweet Sixteen, the 16 men in the Lloyd Shaffer Ork. play as sweet an arrangement as we've heard since *we* were sweet sixteen! MAH-ZEL *(The Good Luck Song)* gets a lucky break, being recorded simultaneously by three wax-works, but the best of these, we think, is Art Mooney's version on the *MGM* master. The flip-over, THAT'S MY DESIRE, is tuneful, tasteful; truly, everything one *could* desire on this type of tune.

Columbia comes up with a sure click, via a Dick Jurgens engraving, which rejuvenates CECILIA. Written at about the same time as *Heartaches*, we predict that old girl CECILIA will have a second and a better childhood, and that she'll show enough life to climb to the same heights already achieved by her girlhood friend, *Heartaches*. Ronnie Kemper does a smashful, bashful boy routine in the lyric department, and Ron's perfect performance gives Cissy the best listening *ears* of her life! Remember how we crystal-balled *Linda* onto the Hit Parade? Well, taking *another* gaze, Uncle Jerry foresees CECILIA parading to the very enviable spot where *Linda* now stands! The other Jurgens' offering, neatly tied up with Al Galante's vocal chords, states I WON'T BE HOME ANY MORE. Al opens and closes his three minutes of independence with a cute, clever telephone conversation, and the whole band gets in on the party line with some modern ensemble to make a square tremble!

Strolling down ALBUM ALLEY, we keep our date at the listening post with BRIGADOON, recorded for *Victor* by the original Broadway cast. BRIGADOON'S full of tunes—*all good*—but the two that pack plenty of promise for top popularity are ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE and THE HEATHER ON THE HILL. Aye, lads an' lassies, a bigger tune than any in BRIGADOON is not yet to be seen across the musical moors. What with CAROUSEL closed and OKLAHOMA gradually becoming Old Hat, the fanciful and whimsy-packed BRIGADOON should be the top musical on Broadway for ages and ages—and don't say we didn't warn ye to drink in this vurra, vurra guid brond o' Musical Scotch!

A new (to us) label, *Super Disc*, presents Art Smith and the Rambler Trio in some great guitar grooving. Art offers his own tune, GUITAR BOOGIE, done in a high enough voltage style to melt the metal strings of any electric "git" player of less verve and virtuosity than the dizzy-digit Smith himself. Yes, ma'am, the "Smith a Mighty Man is he!" Other mighty men of music this month will be Claude Thornhill *(Columbia)* and Raymond Scott *(MGM)* both of whom have needled a number as yet unavailable. However, your old Table Turner listens to *play-backs*, long before they are pressed and released in commercial form, and unless we are wronger than a Bazooka player in Toscanini's orchestra, we predict, from pre-listening, that Claude and Ray will help to make WE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME a smash hit. And remember, when it happens, *we* knew it all the time!

Romance is where you find it — but who expects to find it in her own backyard?



The BACKYARD

by **LESLIE NELSON**

BARBARA HAVEN loved her back yard. She sat on the Adirondack chair and looked at the yard over the top of her history book. There was a time—not so long ago—when she actually hated it. But those days were gone forever!

Barbara slipped a leather bookmark between the pages of the big history book and dropped it on her lap. Her blue eyes grew dreamy, remembering. She wriggled her socked toes ecstatically in her scuffies, thinking about Ralph Tate and how he could make a girl look at life—*and* her backyard!—through rose-colored goggles.

* * *

Barbara sighed. Her backyard used to be everything to

(Continued on next page)

Pretty soon Ralph was doing all the talking. Barbara sat there and hugged herself.

her. When she was ten, it was a pirate ship and she was Anne Bonney, the lady pirate. She had peopled the yard with black-hearted pirates who bowed to her sweet words and gestures, as she swept, clad in silks and satins, down the deck of a swaying galleon. Then the backyard was the rolling prairie and she was Annie Oakley, the sureshot friend of Buffalo Bill. At times, the yard was the Court of St. James, and she was "that brilliant American student and beauty, Barbara Haven," who was to be introduced to fawning royalty.

Barbara giggled. From her sanctuary of sixteen years—well, almost!—that seemed such a long time ago. But deep in her heart, where she admitted it only to herself, those had been glamorous days.

Then slowly, the backyard had changed. It grew into an ogre that was forever haunting her. When her little brother and his playmates left it littered with shattered wooden swords and toy airplanes and tanks, with broken baseball bats and tape-wound balls, it was Barbara that mother asked to clean the yard.

Barbara shuddered, recalling the days with broom and pan, with the metal rake that gathered fallen October leaves, red and golden. That was when she began to hate the yard because all it meant to her was a place to work and clean.

She watered the lawn and mowed the grass and planted sweet williams and Phlox. She took care of the prize peonies. She followed little brother around and picked up his toys when he was through with them. To her, the backyard spelled work.

Then Barbara realized that there was a boy named Ralph Tate in school. Of course, he didn't even know there was a girl named Barbara Haven. Because he went around with that sleeky, sophisticated Della Babcock!

Ralph was a forward on the basketball team, and class president. He had a dimpled chin and deep blue eyes and curling chestnut hair. He was every girl's heart-throb, with a couple of extra flutters thrown in. Barbara remembered how he always seemed to look *through* her, never *at* her. Slim and slinky Della Babcock got all *his* glances!

And then one afternoon her mother said casually, "Dear, I have to run over to Mrs. Tate's. Would you like to come?"

Would she? Would a fish swim? She'd slipped into that new print and her pumps, and inserted the matching ribbons in her hair. None of this slinky stuff for Barbara Haven. She was trying to sell herself, not odd styles.

And Ralph seemed to like. He came up from the cellar to say hello, and *this* time he looked at her. As their mothers wandered into the kitchen he grinned, "You look as if you might like to see a ship's model. Della Babcock said they were passé, but—"

"I'd love to!"

It was a Spanish galleon—the kind in which Anne Bonney had roamed the Caribbean Sea. Barbara found herself talking about Anne Bonney, and revealing the fact that she knew what a poop-deck was, and pretty soon Ralph Tate was doing all the talking and his eyes were glad and shiny, fastened on her. Barbara sat there and hugged herself and let Ralph jabber on and on. She remembered her Dad saying that if you could get a person talking about what interested him, he would think *you* were plenty smart yourself.

Ralph said, as Mrs. Tate called from upstairs, "Creepers, I didn't know time could go so fast! Say, I'd like to talk to you again. And—Babs, woud you like this ship model for your room? I mean—Anne Bonney and all that. You know."

There were invisible clouds under her feet as she

It was a galleon, like Anne Bonney's.

walked home, hugging the boat. She saw Della Babcock, across the street from the library, turning to stare at her—and Barbara felt wonderful.

Next day in school she just mentioned casually to Ralph that a leg of her homework chair was broken.

"Gee, that's swell," he said excitedly. "What I mean is—it's too bad, but it'll give me a chance to show you what I can do with a lathe. Let me turn out a new leg for your chair, will you, Babs?"

He confessed he never had a chance to make any furniture before, but he wanted to try. And when he brought the fixed-up chair back again, even Barbara's father admitted that he'd done a pretty good job. As for Barbara herself, she kept admiring her homework chair so much that it was a long time before she could occupy her mind with Cicero and his Orations.

The day they posted the big signs advertising the Class Day Outing, Barbara got her biggest inspiration, she met Ralph under the sign and when she saw him look at Della and then at her, she realized he didn't know which girl to ask to be his date.

She wanted Ralph to ask *her* to Class Day, but it was going to take some planning!

For two days she went around in a daze. Climbing between the sheets at night she told herself, "You have to *do* something, Babs. Ralph will ask you, *if* you give him some more encouragement . . . like the ship model and the chair-leg . . . but what?" And in the morning, lifting the venetian blinds to stare down at the old, familiar backyard, Barbara admitted she didn't know.

And then, five mornings after they put the sign up, Barbara *knew*.

She stood looking down at her backyard, seeing its drear wire fencing and its tangled bushes and unkempt grass-edgings—and she laughed. She laughed until her mother poked her head in the door and said to stop that cackling at once!

"Ralph," she said that afternoon, walking away from the soda store with him. "Ralph, have you ever tried *outdoor* carpentry?"

"Outdoor—? I don't know what you mean, Babs. It sounds exciting, but . . ."

"Suppose—just suppose, this is. But suppose you had a—a backyard to fix up. Oh, you know—small wooden fence and a trellis and an arch and—and maybe a loveseat too, and—"

"Creepers," whispered Ralph, his dark eyes shining.

It was almost too easy, after that. Every afternoon she and Ralph got together to go over plans and ideas. They spent weekends at his house, shaping fence-posts and bench-slats, and frequently visiting the sprawling backyard of Bab's Colonial house on Towner Street to study conditions.

Halstead High sizzled with Class Day doings, but Ralph never mentioned them to Babs. He worked on and on at his lathe and his bench, with Babs always there beside him with ideas and suggestions. But—he didn't ask her for that date!

Babs started to worry. She saw Della Babcock with her chin in the air, marching around the halls of the High with calm assurance. And still Ralph didn't invite her.

Two days before, one day before . . .

The night before Class Day, Babs went out into her backyard and stood there looking at the moon. She sighed. It was such a good idea but it just hadn't worked. Ralph hadn't asked her—he would take Della to the Class Day Outing . . .

She bit down hard on her lip and shook her head until her taffy-like hair spun out in a shower of gold. Her blue eyes misted.

"Hey, there," said a voice. "Didn't see you, Babs. I—I was just finishing up some work on—on the love seat."

He loomed up in the moonlight, through her tears. He smiled at her, stood back to let her see the white bench, the looped arch above it, the ivy starting to climb where they'd transplanted it and twisted it around the arch.

"Ve-very nice," she whispered.

Ralph caught the sob in her voice, bent closer. He said, "Why, Babs—what's the matter? Golly, I thought you'd be happy, instead of sad. The yard is all set, and we've got a swell date tomorrow, and—"

"What did you say?" she cried incredulously. "Tomorrow? You mean the Outing? But you didn't *ask* me! I thought—"

"Well, for Pete's sake! I thought it was fixed. A fellow doesn't keep asking a girl—he's crazy about. I thought it was understood. But if you want me to, I'll ask you—"

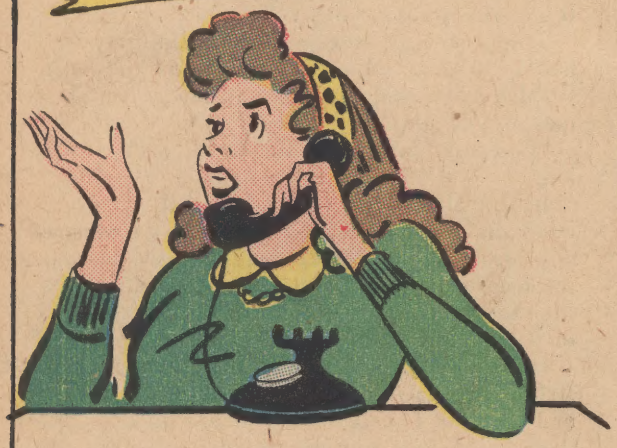
* * *

Babs shivered in the Adirondack chair. Ralph had sat on the love-seat with her and asked her and she'd said yes—and then he'd kissed her.

Babs giggled and hugged herself. That dear little backyard—how she loved it!

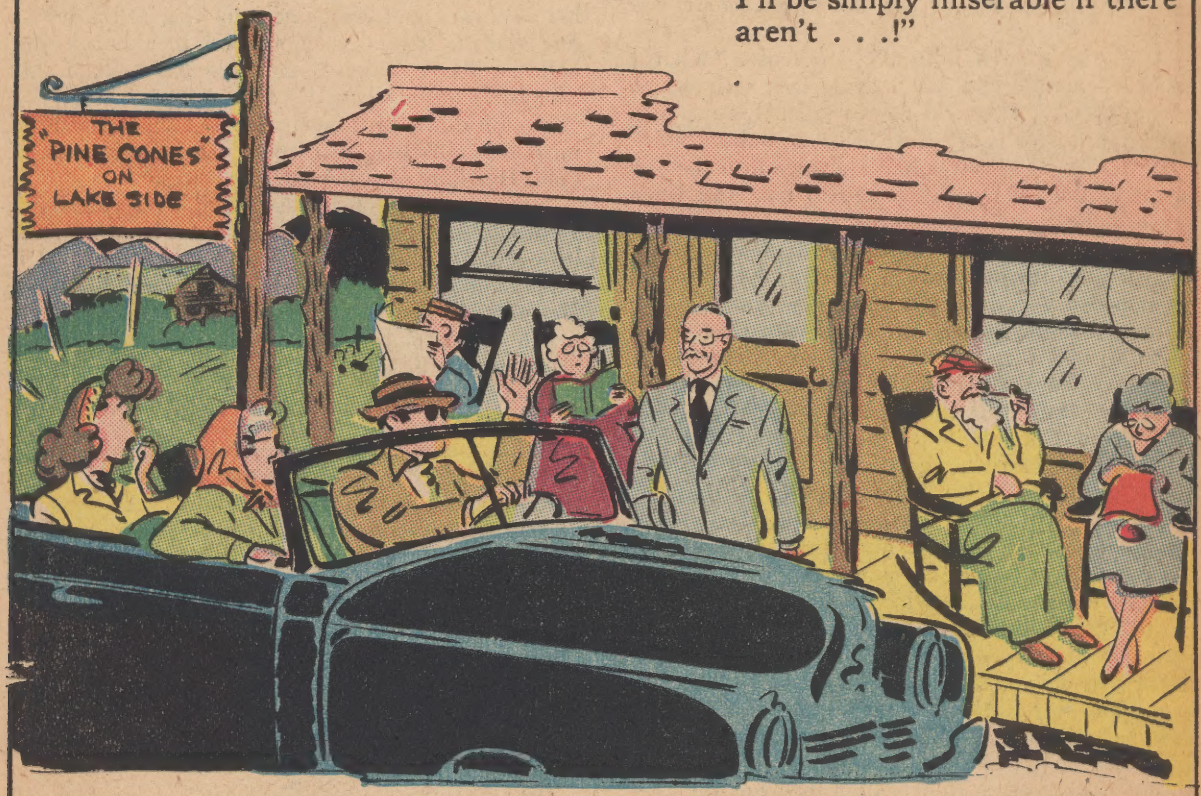
THE END

VACATION WITH WENDY



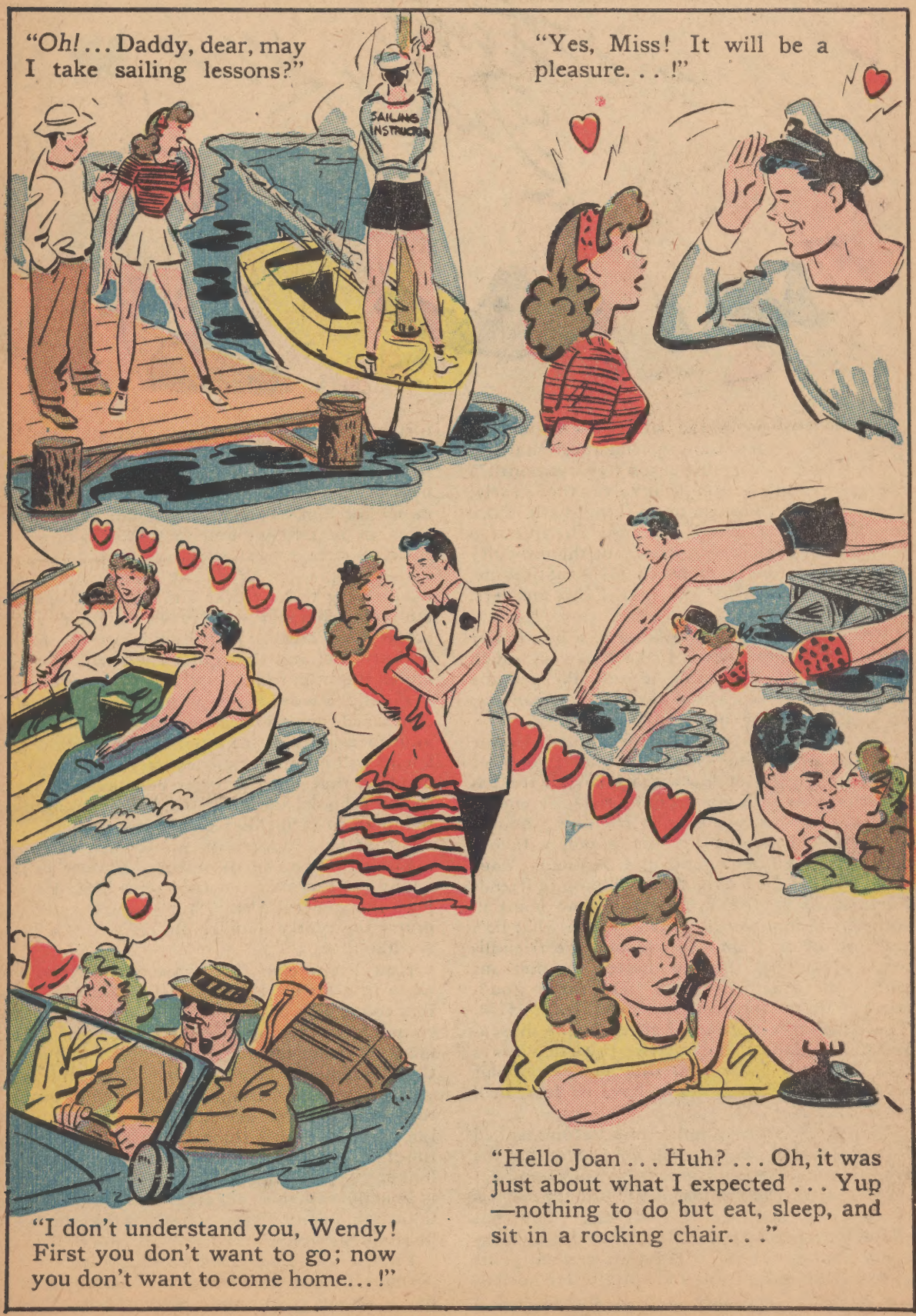
"It'll be a simply ghastly vacation, Joan! Dad's decided on *The Pine Cones*—and that's practically an old folks' home. . .!"

"Gee, Mom, do you think any young people will be there? I'll be simply miserable if there aren't . . .!"



"Ah! Nothing to do but eat and sleep! This place will be wonderful, Wendy!"

"Yes, Dad. . ."


"Oh!... Daddy, dear, may I take sailing lessons?"
SAILING INSTRUCTOR
"Yes, Miss! It will be a pleasure. . . !"
"I don't understand you, Wendy! First you don't want to go; now you don't want to come home... !"
"Hello Joan . . . Huh? . . . Oh, it was just about what I expected . . . Yup —nothing to do but eat, sleep, and sit in a rocking chair. . ."

AND still come the letters — legions of them, each with its special question mark. This month (sure it isn't every month?) the query that's aces high involves that yearly, daily, hourly problem of clicking with those unpredictable creatures — boys. The question may be put in different ways, but the difficulty is the same. How to make HIM notice me. How to make HIM like me. Echo answers, "How?"

For instance, D.M., speaking of a boy in her class, comments sadly, "I like him very much . . . I do things I think he will like, and he doesn't say a word about them. What *can* you do to make a boy like you?"

If your headache is along these lines, if some lordly male in your life (that lad two rows down from you, for instance) takes all the admiration you ladle out from one week's end to the next, who accepts your friendly gestures with a "Little-girl-I'm-doing-you-a-favor" smile, then gather round and hearken. Your strategy's off the beam. A big helping of friendliness is all very well, but there's no point in letting the top man in your days feel that he's the lord of creation. Spread out the friendliness. Make with the gay chatter, the pleasant smiles on a wider radius. Do those good-natured things for everyone, not just for HIM. There's a large portion of sheep in the masculine disposition. If the boy two rows down sees that everyone likes you, that you're popular with the crowd as a whole, have no fear, he'll rally round.

That's treatment number one, recommended for those hard-to-handle lads who think that the world and all the planets revolve solely and exclusively for their amusement. But there's another type of heart interest that may not properly appreciate the pleasant wiles of teen-agers (feminine) for a different reason. This species of boy is shy — in capitals! He notices the attention, probably loves it, but not for a fortune or two could be put that appreciation into words. With the shy fellow, therefore, try to create an atmosphere of informal friendliness. Concentrate on making the social whirl easier for him. Talk to him about subjects he likes, or better, get him to talk to you about them. Sports, school, even food, will do as conversation pieces. With shy people you don't have to try to be clever and witty: if you try out your sharpest wisecracks on them you'll scare them away. Just sound interested and enthusiastic, and that quiet chap will blossom under the attention.

Finally, a word to the wise. Where boys are concerned, don't expect too much notice of all your pleasant bids for attention. Your best girl friend will go into ecstacies over that new hair band, or that super sweater you saved to wear to the school baseball game, but your man of the moment probably won't even see them. It's not that he's indifferent, or downright mean, it's just that the small gestures so dear to the feminine heart don't register with him. He enjoys the general effect, but doesn't note and praise the pretty details. Be resigned — boys are like that.

Now, listen to another of our questioners. She takes in a lot of territory, very valuable territory too. From California, M.D. writes, "I want so much for the opposite sex to think of me as nice, pleasant-looking, and good company. Could you please give me some advice on that?"

We'd say M.D. has a level-headed approach to a question that has many a teen-age miss lying awake nights thinking up answers. Note the three parts of the problem: "nice, pleasant-looking, good company." Each one of the three is equally valuable: together the trio make an unbeatable combination. Let's tackle the high points separately.

First of all: *nice*. That's a much-used word, perhaps an over-used word, yet basically it still has a lot of good solid meaning left. Every

worthwhile person wants to be thought "nice" by others. The best way of meriting that adjective is to start cultivating those qualities that each generation hands down to the next as the *plus* parts of human conduct. It's nice to be courteous to people, to all people. It's nice to respect others' creeds and customs. It's nice, more, it's essential, to respect oneself, to live up to standards of kindness and justice and decency in one's everyday conduct. There are more divisions to "niceness" too: cheerfulness, a sense of humor, a warmhearted friendliness to family and acquaintances. So, if you would be thought "nice," take inventory of what you think and do. Be honest. Does what you've been doing all these days really merit the praise? If it does, resolve to act even more so. If not, start in today to concentrate on cultivating at least one of those good qualities that will help spell out in capitals after your name: N-I-C-E.

Pleasant-looking. That's an interesting term. It bypasses a whole world of heavy-makeup and affected sophistication. Good-grooming, a well-pressed, well-brushed look is part of it: a neat paint job, neither too light, too dark nor too spotty, helps too. Expression (smiling eyes, a mouth that turns up at the corners) contributes largely to the charm. So does a voice, soft, distinct, soothing to the ear. Put all the traits together and you have the pleasantest-looking teen-ager that any boy would like to rate Number One in his date book. How to acquire them? By the old analyse-and-correct method. Go over your outfit, head to toe. Any loose ends, stray threads, dipping hems, missing buttons, etc.? Eliminate the fuzzy details today and everyday. Eye your powder-and-lipstick pattern. Make the improvements, if any, that a careful once-over indicates. Check up on your everyday expression, no not the company beam, but the Monday-before-breakfast blink. Do you habitually look as though your only and dearest pal had deserted you? Get rid of the gloomy scowl; substitute instead that pleasant glance that looks as though you liked the world and vice versa. Last, listen to yourself. The acid test is to have a recording made, then play it on your phonograph, and gasp, "Do *I* sound like that?" Simpler is to talk to yourself aloud, a sentence or two with your hands cupped behind your ears. The trick (a favorite with radio broadcasters) is supposed to help you hear yourself as others hear you. Listen and learn.

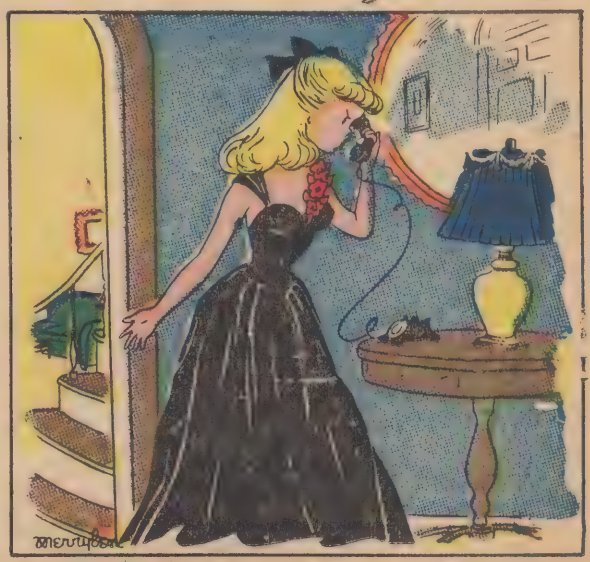
That last good quality that M.D. got in line was the asset, being "*good company.*" There's no surer ticket to the never-never-land of popularity than the tribute "you're fun to be with." The teen-ager who is good company is interested in people. She's read enough to help her keep up with what folks are saying about a lot of things—sports, current events, books, music. No, she's not a grind; she doesn't pretend to be an expert on everything that goes on in the world, but if somebody mentions the Davis Cup, she knows it isn't tea he's interested in. The girl who is good company isn't afraid of carrying on her part of the conversation. When there's a lag, she gets in there and does her best to get things going again. She acts interested in what is being said, even if the speaker is old Mr. Jones who is past seventy and has only one topic of talk, his rheumatism. Don't fool yourselves; being good company is a habit that has to be cultivated in all situations of life if it's going to be in working order when social success or failure depends upon it. You can't go around acting like a frozen halibut six days a week and then on the seventh gurgle and gush meltingly in a chat with the big man at school. You can't do it and seem natural. The big man at school will know that it's an act, and chances are he'll leave you doing a solo. Being good company is a full-time job. If you want to take it on you'll have to work at it. But if you make a go of it, write your own social ticket—the triumphs are yours.

Our allotted space is just about used up for the month, readers, but keep the questions coming. As soon as we have room we'll take up some of the other themes that tantalize teen-agers. For instance—"My folks seem to think that I can't take care of myself: have you any advice on this score?" Or "How old would you expect a girl to be before she went out on dates?"

The perennial problem of "going steady" continues to pop up regularly. We've already sounded off on the subject, but if new angles arise to the problem, we'll take typewriter in hand again to ponder once more that vexing question. Until next issue then. . . .

Yours truly,

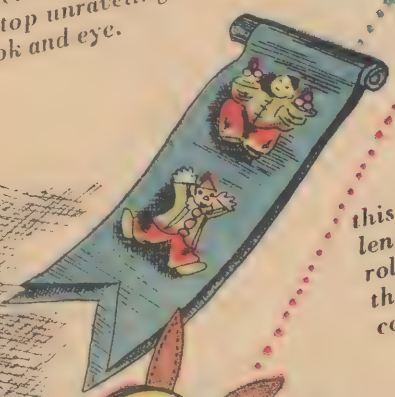
Judy Lind



"I kept him waiting twenty minutes like you said, and when I finally came downstairs he had gone out with my sister!"

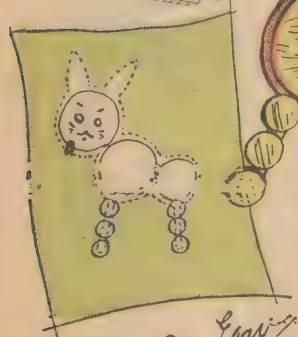
Button-Button !!!

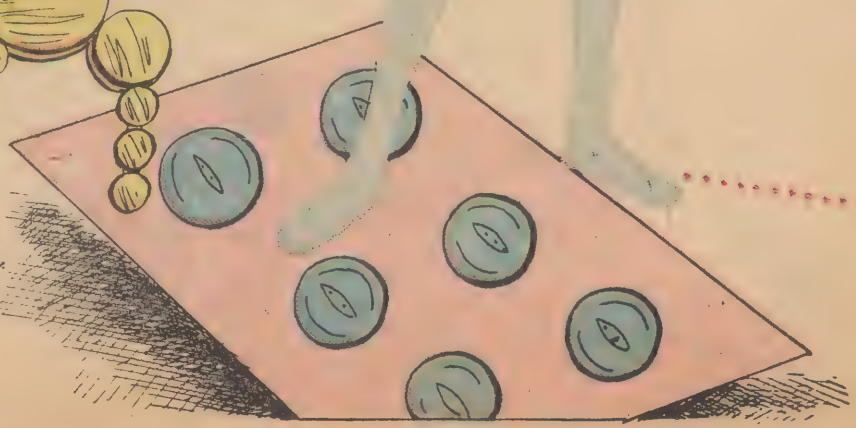
Make a necklace by sewing pairs of red buttons and plastic rings on a length of plaited cord, knotted at each end to stop unraveling and fasten with a hook and eye.



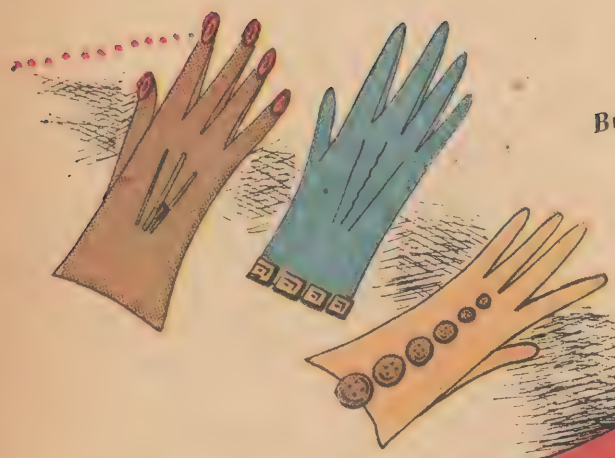
Be a blue ribbon winner with this badge made by lapping a 10" length of 1½" grosgrain ribbon over a roll of 2¼" ribbon. Sew a bar pin to the back. On front sew two brightly colored figure buttons.

Make a pussy cat lapel pin from three sizes of wooden buttons, sewn to a background of buckram, stitched between two layers of felt. Shape this background by tracing around the buttons, but don't forget to add the ears. Paint kitty's face with oil paint.



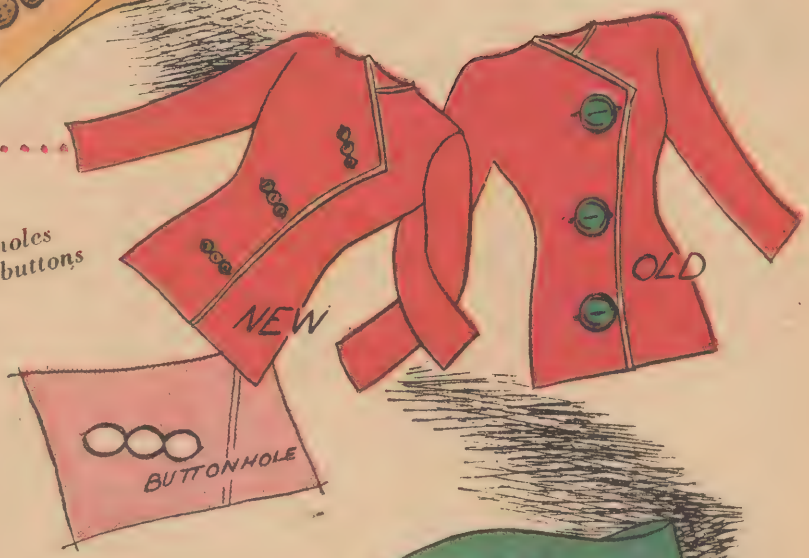


Jean Eggi

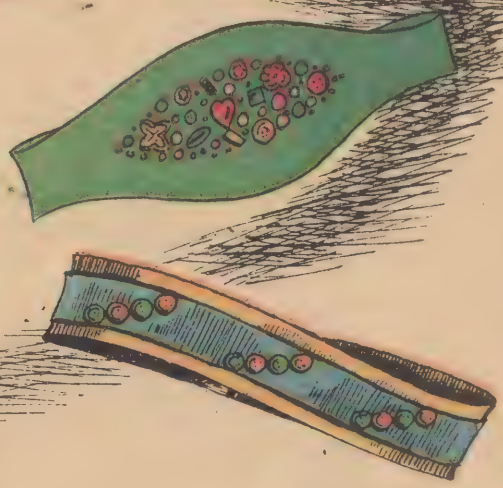


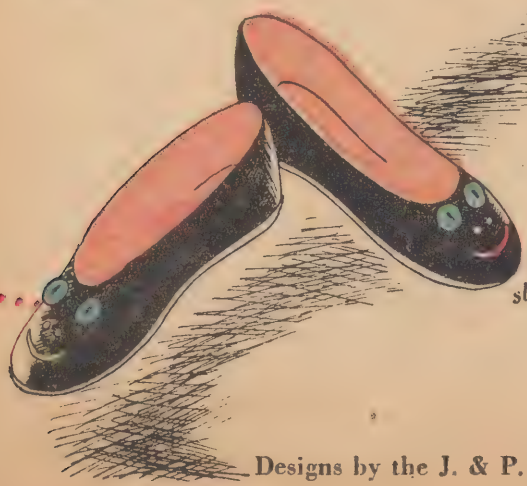
Button your gloves—with red buttons on the fingertips, with square buttons at the wrist, with buttons in diminishing sizes down the back.

Button your coat anew by tacking your buttonholes to fit three small buttons instead of one big one.



Two belt ideas—
(1) Scatter buttons of all shapes and colors on a simply made felt belt.
(2) Make a belt from two widths of grosgrain ribbon, sewing buttons on as sketched.





To add cute faces to your ballet slippers, use pearl buttons for eyes, embroidered french knots for nostrils and outline stitch for smiling mouth.

Designs by the J. & P. COATS and CLARK'S O.N.T. Thread Companies

what are ballerinas — and
what are they like — and how
do they get that way? well . . .

this is Bambi Linn

by BILL GALE

SHE'S a ballerina, a word that might make you think of sulky-looking Russian girls and fat little maestros all involved in a business that is strictly none of yours. However, I guarantee that if you've ever seen Bambi Linn in action, which means if you've seen either one of the Broadway musical hits, OKLAHOMA or CAROUSEL, or Eva Le Gallienne's recent ALICE IN WONDERLAND, you'll agree with me that this cute, yellow-haired gal has all but exploded *that* myth with her personality-plus footwork. Bambi, just turned twenty, is a genuine red-white-and-blue ballerina, which definitely makes it quite impossible for her to look even mildly unhappy while she's dancing. And if she was supposed to dance like a wounded swan, I imagine she would probably spoil the whole effect by suddenly brimming over with one of her sunshine smiles—particularly these days when *everything* most of us look upon as out-of-this-world material, is piling up around her doorstep.

After all, wouldn't you begin to think the world was a satin-tufted cloud if hard-boiled critics began pointing you out as the "find" of the year. And you'd probably feel like hopping up on your toes and doing a pirouette too, if LIFE Magazine took up two pages of space just to introduce you to its readers. And frankly, I don't think I can even come close to guessing what your reaction would be if one evening you found yourself at a Hollywood party sharing a table with Van Johnson, Cary Grant and gents like that, and Jimmy Stewart came up and asked you to dance. So the best I can do is to try to tell you how Bambi Linn managed to "get that way."

You might say she started *training* for it, way back in the days when the top of her head just reached the door knobs in the family's home in Brooklyn where she was born. "I was always spinning around the house—sort of making up dances as I went along," she explains, "and one day Mother put my hat and coat on and took me to a dancing teacher, probably figuring that it was a shame for me to be wasting all that energy." She found dancing fun and before long, Bambi started talking about wanting to be an actress when she grew up. Her mother knew very little about theatre work but she did know that it would certainly do no harm if her daughter started planning for her career while she was still learning to do the multiplication tables and to draw a map of the United States of America. In fact, mother (Bambi refers to her as "the family spark plug") came up with a very sensible plan: Bambi, she said, if you want to become an actress, why not start right in now learning how to be one? The plan called for Bambi's leaving public school and enrolling at the Professional Children's School where juvenile actors, actresses and models learned their ABC's. There the schedule would allow Bambi to continue with her ballet lessons, add dramatic lessons as well, and also keep her eyes open for a possible theatre job.

They put the plan into effect and so, by the time Bambi was thirteen, she had a pretty fair idea of what theatre business was all about, which immediately advances her several miles ahead of eighteen-year-old "innocents" who with no more experience than a high school

pageant, invade Broadway, expecting to become stars overnight. Sure, it was mighty discouraging at times but Bambi *knew* that she was improving all the time and that *one day* . . .

. . . *And it did!* The day came along when she was sixteen and a show called OKLAHOMA was being cast in a dark, drafty theatre just off Broadway. She heard that it

was using ballet dancers, an unheard-of thing since ballet was still considered "high brow stuff" and unpopular enough to kill a show off even before the curtain came down on opening night. Bambi raced down to the theatre and found the alley thick with young, ambitious dancers. She took her place in line and finally a couple of hours later, she had worked her way up to the stage and had managed to do a few steps for the dance director. It certainly was THE DAY, because the director selected only two girls out of the huge lineup and Bambi Linn was one of them.

OKLAHOMA fairly sneaked into town and on opening night almost half the seats were empty. After all, there were no big stars in the cast and who ever heard of a flock of *ballet* dancers in a hit show? But the audience who saw it that first night applauded until their hands were a healthy pink and next day, the morning papers heralded a "great, new show." And there was Bambi with her name in the program, and a specialty number all her own. People started talking about her and those other ballerinas who acted as if ballet dancing was *fun*. And just about that time too, Bambi began getting her first fan letters —mostly from college boys who said they thought she was the cutest, most natural-looking girl they'd seen since kindergarten.

Fan mail was fun, of course, but when Bambi transferred to CAROUSEL and movie stars like Joan Crawford and Greer Garson began coming backstage to tell her how much they enjoyed her performance, she really began to feel as if the calendar was just one big Christmas holiday. Then things came to a slick, storybook climax when one evening after her performance, a gentleman came around to her dressing room to ask if she wouldn't like to come to Hollywood to make films. Of course, by this time Bambi had become almost shock-proof, so instead of leaping in the air and shouting for joy, she simply said Yes, she thought that would be nice and she would be glad to come to his office to talk about signing a contract. She did—and that is how she came to be sitting at a dinner table

along with Van Johnson, Cary Grant and other smooth gentlemen most girls her age know merely as fascinating shadows on the screen of the neighborhood movie house.

The dinner party was given by her boss, David Selznick, one of Hollywood's most famous producers. When she received the invitation, Bambi guessed that it would probably be a quiet little affair with about a dozen people, but for safety's sake, she hied herself downtown and invested in a frilly, white evening gown. That purchase proved to be a smart move, for the "quiet little affair" turned out to be one of the biggest, most lavish parties of the season and within an hour, just about every big star in the film colony paraded in—Gary Cooper, Jennifer Jones, Guy Madison, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, Shirley Temple, Rosalind Russell, and, of course, Jimmy Stewart.

Bambi confesses that she watched the lanky Stewart fellow out of the corner of her eyes a good deal of the time, since he has always been a special favorite of hers, but she was definitely unprepared for the moment when the orchestra music began and Jimmy Stewart suddenly extracted himself from between Jennifer Jones and Lana Turner and came over to ask her to dance with him. She has to admit that the big fellow isn't very smooth when it comes to shuffling his feet to music, but evidently his slow, boyish personality registers with plenty of wallop, for that dance happens to be the little lady's highly-prized souvenir.

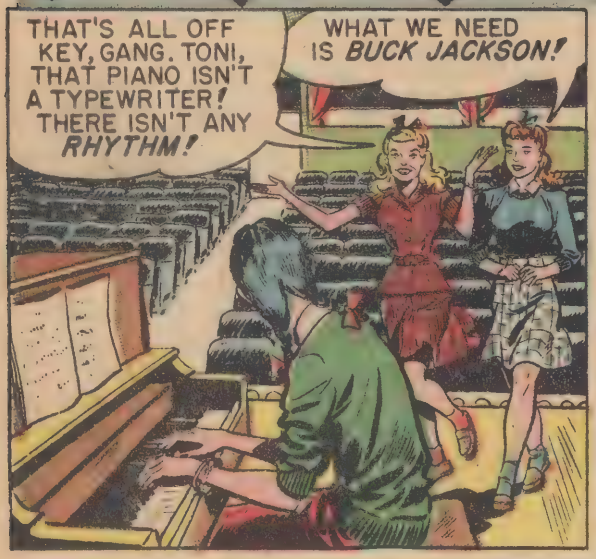
Bambi is in New York now, currently starring in the play, ALICE IN WONDERLAND, and winning new acclaim as a full-fledged dramatic actress. "Perfection" is what one theatrical critic has to say about her performance, and still another rates her "Alice" one of the year's finest performances—right up there beside the work of veterans like Helen Hayes, Frederic March and Ingrid Bergman. After her play closes, Bambi will plane back to Hollywood and begin work on her first movie role, which up to this date, has not yet been selected. Meanwhile, she's seeing lots of New York friends, and having the time of her life shopping in the five-and-ten, which has been a favorite hobby of hers since the days when a handful of pennies and a long line of Woolworth counters was her private idea of perfection.

And wonder of wonders, she looks just the same as she did before Hollywood "discovered" her. Seems that even that bespangled little corner of America also appreciates pretty girls with blonde hair, blue-green eyes and that well-scrubbed look. But then—who doesn't?

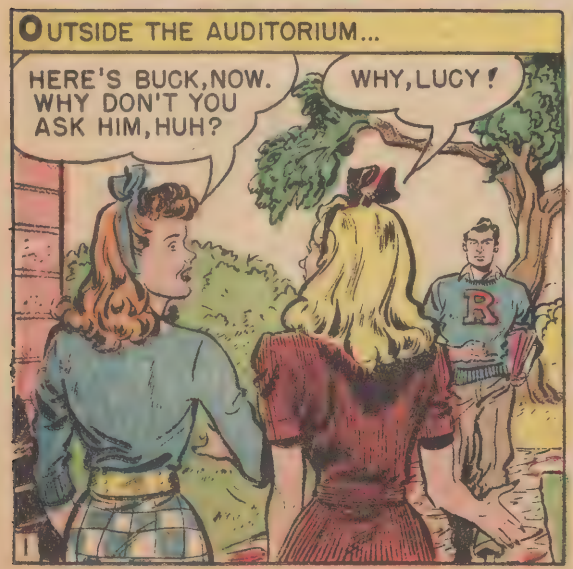
THE END

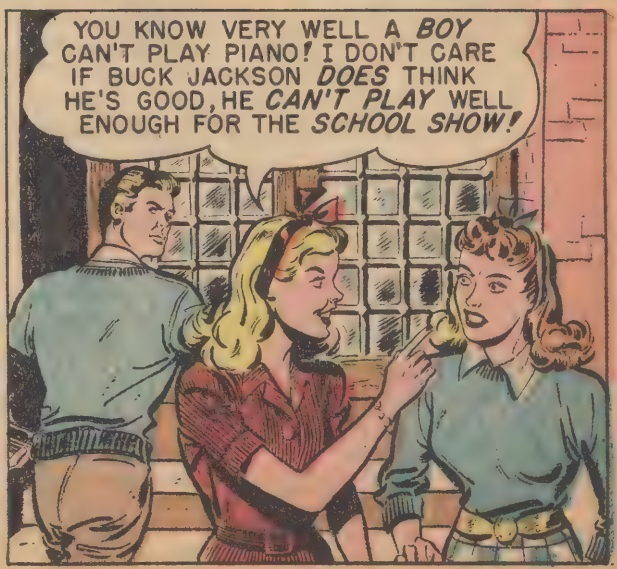
Honey

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
STAGE and SHOW SOCIETY


THAT'S ALL OFF KEY, GANG. TONI, THAT PIANO ISN'T A TYPEWRITER! THERE ISN'T ANY RHYTHM!
WHAT WE NEED IS BUCK JACKSON!

IF WE COULD ONLY GET BUCK!
HE WON'T PLAY FOR THE SCHOOL SHOW. HE SAYS BEING FOOTBALL CAPTAIN TAKES ALL HIS TIME.
HMMM...LET'S BLOW, LUCY. I WANT TO THINK!


OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM...
HERE'S BUCK, NOW. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM, HUH?
WHY, LUCY!
R


YOU KNOW VERY WELL A BOY CAN'T PLAY PIANO! I DON'T CARE IF BUCK JACKSON DOES THINK HE'S GOOD, HE CAN'T PLAY WELL ENOUGH FOR THE SCHOOL SHOW!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! THERE GOES OUR CHANCE TO GET BUCK TO PLAY. HE'S INSULTED!
THE NERVE OF THAT DAME! NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO PLAY! HUH! THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT...!
I'LL SHOW HER! HEY, THERE, HONEY! LEMME IN...!
LISTEN TO THIS... AND THIS...HOW'S THAT FOR HANDLING A TUNE? CAN I PLAY OR CAN I PLAY?
MMMM...FAIR... ONLY FAIR...
FAIR, HUH? I'M GOING TO MR. DEARBORN, THE SHOW'S DIRECTOR! I'LL PLAY PIANO FOR THE STAGE SOCIETY OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!
OH?
COMES THE NIGHT OF THE BIG SHOW, AND...
BUCK'S MAKING THE SHOW A HIT, HONEY. ISN'T HE WONDERFUL? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T LET HIM PLAY FOR US...?
THAT, FRIEND LUCY, WAS ONLY FOR BUCK'S OWN BENEFIT. IF I'D BEGGED HIM, HE'D HAVE RUN LIKE A SCARED BUNNY!
NOW, I WASN'T TOO BAD, WAS I?
SOMETIMES I THINK HONEY SHOULD GO IN FOR A JOB WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT. WHAT A DIPLOMAT!
2

Think your Aunt Jane is hopeless? There's a way to get around her—if you know a boy like Chuck.
Baden Whitney

Swing it, Auntie!

by Kay Richards

THE day, thought Midge, had been too good to be true, and the evening would be even better. After all, this was *the* night of the month, the night when six couples and true congregated at her house for the best time in town. All those new records—her new sweater and skirt (aqua for her blonde hair)—everything was perfect, absolutely perfect! Midge sighed for pure content. She couldn't know that her perfect day had just five minutes more to run. . .

Humming the top tune of the week, she turned the corner, skirted the overgrown hedge, came in sight of home. There was where she hung her kerchief, the familiar red brick house set back on its patch of green lawn. As she looked, her face sobered. Something was wrong with the picture. For a minute she couldn't figure out what was *different*. Then it hit her—the scene on the front steps. On step number one, cowered Glitter, her golden cocker puppy that usually wore out the lawn with his racings. Curled up motionless, Glitter looked suspiciously quiet, and guilty. On step two, just above the cocker, was another motionless form, a hunched-up figure that might have posed for a statue of Man Minus Friend. The gloomy frame be-

(Continued on next page)

longed to lanky, angular Bud, her thirteen-year-old brother. And brother, always whistling from dusk to dawn, was glumly silent, silent and glowering.

Hearing Midge's step, he raised his head, waited till she was within speaking distance, then shot out two words—plain ordinary words—charged with extraordinary feeling.

"She's here." The puppy at his feet shivered.

"Who's here?" Even as she asked, Midge had an awful suspicion as to the answer. There was only one person who had this effect on the family.

"Aunt Jane."

"No, oh no!" Midge's voice was a moan of protest. "Not tonight. Not the night of my meeting!"

"Yeah. She got in on the one-twenty today. Some meeting you're going to have."

"Well—maybe we can be quiet."

"Oh you'll be *quiet* all right. The jive numbers are in the cellar now."

"What!" There was outrage in every letter of the word.

"Oh, you should have heard her telling Mom that the children (that's us, Sis) shouldn't listen to such tunes. Musical monstrosities she called them. Heck, just because she writes books she thinks she knows everything. Anyway, she made me take all the good platters down the cellar and put all the long-hairs up on top of the record-holder. Mom gave her your room—"

"*No!*" The word was anguish underlined.

"Boy, what she didn't say about your bulletin board! And that goo for your face that you left all over the dresser. She put that away too."

"Where?"

"Oh, just in the top drawer, to be out of her sight."

Glitter whined and rubbed against Midge's ankle. She patted his soft head. "Poor fellow. What happened to you?" The cocker's big eyes spoke volumes.

"Oh Aunt Jane sat in your rocker and didn't look to see that Glitter was sitting in it first." Bud grinned, remembering. "That sure was funny. I was just bringing up her bags, so I saw it. She screamed blue murder. Glitter barked, and I couldn't help laughing, so Mom put both of us out."

Midge murmured something or other in sympathy. But she had worries of her own, worries that made Bud's woes look gay in comparison. Eleven kids were coming over tonight. Five boys and five girls, plus her own man-of-the-moment, Chuck. Eleven kids coming over expecting the loud and lively time they always had at her house. Counting herself, that made twelve jitterbugs all primed to go, and Aunt Jane—all under one roof. It couldn't be, but it *was*.

Something had to be done. Maybe Mom would know a way out. Mom—she had to find *her*, fast! To think, with Midge, was to act.

"Got to find Mother." This to Bud as she jumped the two steps to the door. Through the door, down the hall, up the stairs she tore, all in a minute. Mother was always in her room just before dinner. Four feet to the right of the landing was her door—haven. Midge burst in, and burst out:

"Mom, what am I going to do? What—" Her words stopped short. Mother was there all right, but she was not alone. Sitting across from her, coldly erect in the one straight-backed chair in the room, was Aunt Jane. Mother's oldest sister wasn't a bit like Mother: grey where Mom was fair, thin rather than slender, sternly tailored instead of pleasantly feminine. Her keen grey eyes surveyed her niece frostily.

"Margaret," (Aunt Jane didn't like nicknames: Midge blinked at the unfamiliar title)—"it's very pleasant of you to be in such a rush to see me, but that is no reason for you to forget that ladies knock before entering a room."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jane," Midge didn't sound sorry. She was thinking, *this is it*. Nothing for weeks now but "I'm-sorrys" and "I-apologizes." There was a pause. Then Mother urged cheerfully:

"Suppose we all go downstairs. It's nearly dinnertime. I'll see how Carlotta is making out with the roast, and you"—this to Midge—"you entertain Aunt Jane." She gave her daughter a "we're-all-in-this-together" look.

Midge tried again. "Couldn't I talk to you first, Mom? Just for a minute. It's just about a minor thing. I wouldn't want to bother Aunt Jane with it."

Aunty wasn't the kind to take a hint. "Bothered? Nonsense, Margaret. I'm always interested in your doings. Go right ahead and talk."

"But I don't want—that is—this was just for Mom—I mean—" Midge's speech stuttered to a stop. Mother looked embarrassed. In the awkward silence, Aunt Jane rose.

"Why don't you say what you mean, Margaret? I would rather be told plainly when I'm not wanted." With great dignity she swept across the room and out the door. Other people might leave—Aunt Jane made an *exit!*

"Now you've done it! Really Midge, Bud and Glitter have made things difficult enough today; I'd hoped you at least would be a help."

"Mom, I'm sorry, honest. But I had to see you. I had to! The kids are coming over tonight. What'll I do?"

"Oh no!" Mother was as aghast as Midge at the prospect. "This is the last straw. First unexpected company, now your crowd!"

"But you knew mine were coming, you knew for weeks."

"Yes, I know, but that doesn't help the situation any. Well Midge, it just looks as though you'll have to cope. I've *my* hands full as it is. Figure out some way to keep the gang quiet, and get them home early. They'll understand, this once."

"Mom!" Midge's port in a storm was failing her: She was sunk.

"No more now, dear. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

When Mother used that tone, the case was closed. There was nothing for Midge to do but to keep quiet and trail sadly downstairs to dinner.

Thick gloom hung over the dining room. Glitter crouched in a corner looking heartbroken (an easy trick for a cocker). Bud preserved the family peace by carefully saying nothing. Midge answered "Yes, Aunt Jane" in a listless tone whenever the conversation seemed to call for that remark. Aunty said little; her feelings were still hurt. Mother tried to keep the talk going, but the job was too big for one person. Then, just as Carlotta handed round the dessert, a luscious lemon pie, one short sentence ended the gloom. Delicately forking her dessert, Aunt Jane observed to no one in particular,

"You know, I think I'll pay a call this evening."

"Yes, Aunt Jane?" Midge sounded like a prisoner granted a reprieve.

"Really, Jane?" Mother brightened.

"I think I'll drop over to see Miss Anne. I haven't answered her last letter, and now that I'm here a call will do as well."

"Say, that's a swell idea." This was Bud rising and shining.

"*Good*, not swell." But Aunt Jane sounded mild as she said it. The interest in her visit seemed to please her.

"Jane, I'll take the car and drop you off at Miss Anne's, then I'll go on to the station and pick up Dad as he gets in on the late train. He had to have dinner in town tonight."

"That's very kind of you, very kind."

That kindness was only the beginning. The whole family rallied round to help Aunty off to her visit. Bud got her bag and hat, Midge held her coat. Mother kept up a running chatter of conversation calculated to speed the parting guest. Fifteen minutes after dinner's end, Bud and Midge were posted on the top steps giving Aunt Jane a royal sendoff.

As soon as the car was out of sight, brother and sister let out a whoop of triumph.

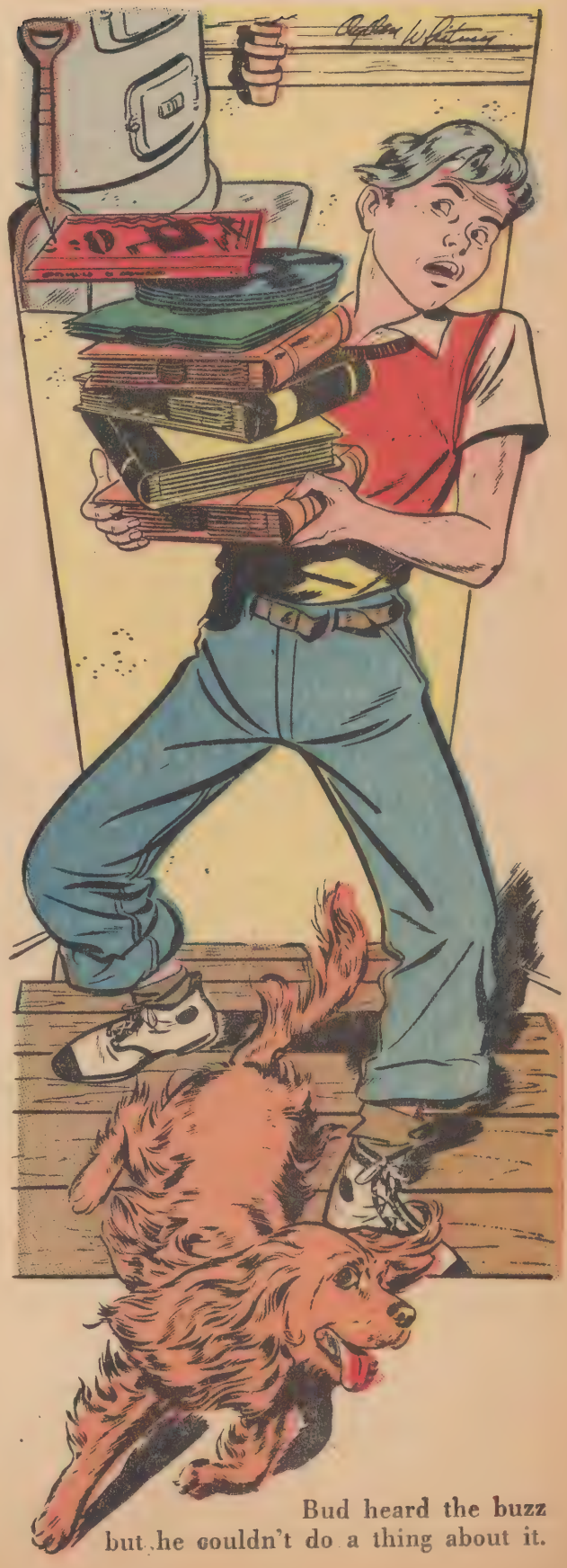
"She's gone!"

"Now the kids can have fun!"

"Come on, let's fix the living room."

A whole blanket of gloom seemed lifted from the house. Glitter was executing a mad tail chase in the center of the living room. Carlotta was singing in the kitchen as she hurried through the last of the dishes and off to the neighborhood movie. Midge and Bud rolled up the rugs, pushed back the chairs. Dashed out to the kitchen to put the coke bottles on ice. Dashed back to set out small dishes of peanuts, and popcorn, and potato chips. Soon the room was in party shape. As a final preparation Bud trotted down the cellar to bring up the banished records; Midge scooted to her room to do an extra good paint job and to put on her new aqua sweater and skirt. Everything was practically set for the evening. Nothing could go wrong now. And then the phone rang.

Bud heard the buzz but he couldn't do anything about it. At that moment he was toting a lazyman's load of five record albums, climbing the steep cellar stairs, and trying to shoo away Glitter who thought that romping between Bud's legs was a cocker's prize form of amusement.



Bud heard the buzz but he couldn't do a thing about it.

"Midge, hey Midge, get the phone!" Bud yelled his best, but Midge, upstairs never heard. By the time Bud was up on the first floor and had deposited the records carefully by the phonograph (couldn't chance smashing Johnny Mercer) the phone had stopped. "Wrong number, probably," he muttered to himself, and said the same to Midge as she came dancing down the stairs a few minutes later. "Wrong number," they both agreed. And thought no more about it. After that there was nothing to stand between them and Fate. At least that's how they looked at it later.

They had no more time to think about it then. The kids had started arriving, and there were more important things to do than worry about a missing phone call.

"Hi ya, Bud. Got the records ready?" "Midge darling, that sweater and skirt are super!" "Save all the dances for me, beautiful." That was Chuck. "Never mind making with the talk—I want to dance." That was Jean. "A blonde! Pardon me while I whistle." That was an unidentified male voice, Ken perhaps. "Bud, put on the Ink Spots." "Bud, start with *Barrelhouse Boogie*." "Bud, oh Bud, I still go for Artie Shaw—play *Begin the Beguine*." "Bud, oh Bud—" And Bud, who came to these older kids' sessions because he loved the music (he wasn't much for dancing himself), got out record after record, and slaved cheerfully over the phonograph, sure that he was the guy who made the evening go.

And the evening *was* going—good, good, good. Even Midge was satisfied. Satisfied—she was blissful. While Chuck tore out to the kitchen for more cokes, she leaned against the doorway at one end of the room and just sighed for pure enjoyment. Everyone was dancing—and what dancing! What Hollywood needed was right there on the living room floor. The walls shook, the furniture rattled, the phonograph gave out with the insistent throb of the sax, the frenzied wail of the clarinets, or the incredible tatoo that was Krupa. Then just as the music sang its loudest and hottest, Midge heard someone behind her in the hall. Her smile grew wider. Without turning, she carolled,

"Hi ya, Mom and Dad!" Come on in and join the gang." She had to yell to make herself heard above the music; there was no answering shout in Dad's jovial baritone. Instead, a cold voice close to her ear demanded.

"Margaret, what is the meaning of this?"

Midge froze with shock. She could barely turn her head around to catch a glimpse of the owner of the voice. When at last she did meet Aunt Jane eye to eye, she froze all over again. Aunty's stern glance was battleship grey, with emphasis on the battle.

"Well?" Midge saw rather than heard the words. Behind her the music kept blaring, the happy guests kept going on with the dance.

She had to say something. "This is my club."

"Your what?" No melting in that icy voice.

"My club." At that moment the records ran out; Midge's yell was loud in the sudden silence. The kids began to look over curiously. Those nearest the door whispered "Who?" and guessed casually, "Some friend of Midge's mother prob'ly." Only Chuck, coming back with the cokes, sensed that something was wrong. Even across the room Midge's face looked awfully scared. And that older woman sure looked grim. He was aware of Bud's panic-stricken face beside him, his frantic whisper:

"Chuck, you gotta do something! It's Aunt Jane. She's a terror! Yo gotta do something, Chuck!"

"Aunt Jane—" the name rang a bell in Chuck's mind—a whole flock of bells, and every one signaled "Trouble." He'd heard of Aunty before. There was no time to waste. Shoving the coke bottles into Bud's dazed grasp, Chuck headed for the doorway. He made it just as Aunt Jane was getting back her breath for a frontal attack.

"Hi!" Chuck had charm that dated from his cradle days, and an infectious grin that was made to warm the cockles of anybody's heart. He turned both full force on Aunt Jane.

"I know who you are. Say it was swell of you to come!"

It was Aunt Jane's turn to stare now. Her face registered sheer amazement. This nice-looking boy must be quite crazy!

Midge sat blissfully, sure that all this was a beautiful dream . . .

Crazy like a fox, Chuck gave her no time to recover. "Midge, why didn't you tell us your aunt was coming?" Midge's wide blue eyes were fixed on him as though hypnotized; she made no effort to answer.

"After all, we don't often get a real writer to come to our sessions. Come on Aunt Jane, I'll announce you!" Too stunned to protest, Aunty let herself be persuaded to take Chuck's arm and be led to the center of the room. Most of the crowd were scattered around the sides now, making away with gallons of coke. They looked on curiously.

"Hey!" Chuck raised the voice that had made him top cheer leader at high. He got attention. The kids stared; someone turned off the purring phonograph.

"Listen. We've got a special guest tonight. Midge's Aunt Jane. She writes books. She wrote the stuff that chemistry movie we saw last year was made from." (Midge had told him that much.) "Now we don't often get a real writer to come around, so I think we should give her a big evening. Come on now—give Aunt Jane a big hand!"

It wasn't so much what he said, it was the way he said it. Gay and hearty and exciting. The kids were used to making with the applause when Chuck asked for it. They clapped now, long and loud.

Aunt Jane just stood there and listened. It had been a long while since anyone had made her welcome like that, a very long while. People usually said all the proper things when she came around, but they didn't mean much of them. It had been that way for years now. She knew. Now these children had taken her right in, just because that friendly boy had told them to. The layers of frost around her basically friendly heart began to thaw a little. When Chuck followed up his initial speech, Aunt Jane for the first time in decades, was in a mood to listen.

"All right, crowd, go back and dance. Midge and I will entertain Aunt Jane. Bud, get a coke for her, one with lots of ice. Jean pass her the crackers. Ken, pull over the big chair."

The chair provided, Aunty sank into the overstuffed cushions, never mentioning her lifelong preference for a solid chair with a straight back. Midge, unable to stand up any longer, sank down limply on the hassock, and watched her formidable aunt setting herself for a good time.

"Miss Anne was out," Aunty was explaining. "I phoned to tell you I was coming home. I thought, since you and Bud had been so interested in my visit, I'd bring you in some ice cream. When there wasn't any answer, I was worried."

Conscience rose up and hit Madge hard. Aunt Jane had loved Midge's and Bud's interest, and they'd been only trying to get her out of the house.

"I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Jane." This time she meant it. "I didn't hear the phone because I was upstairs when it rang. Bud heard it, but he was down the cellar and couldn't get to it."

"Well," quoth Aunty amazingly, "perhaps it's all for the best." She sipped her coke with a contented air, and reached for another cracker. The lively tune pouring out of the record player seemed to appeal to her.

"What's that song, Chuck? It reminds me of the dances we had years ago. Polkas, we called them."

"We still call 'em polkas, and while we're on the subject—" he stood up, bowed, "How about dancing this one?"

Midge couldn't believe he'd dared to say it, but Aunt showed no signs of shock at the invitation. When she answered, her cool voice had a wistful note.

"Oh really, I couldn't. It's been so long—"

"Sure you could—come on."

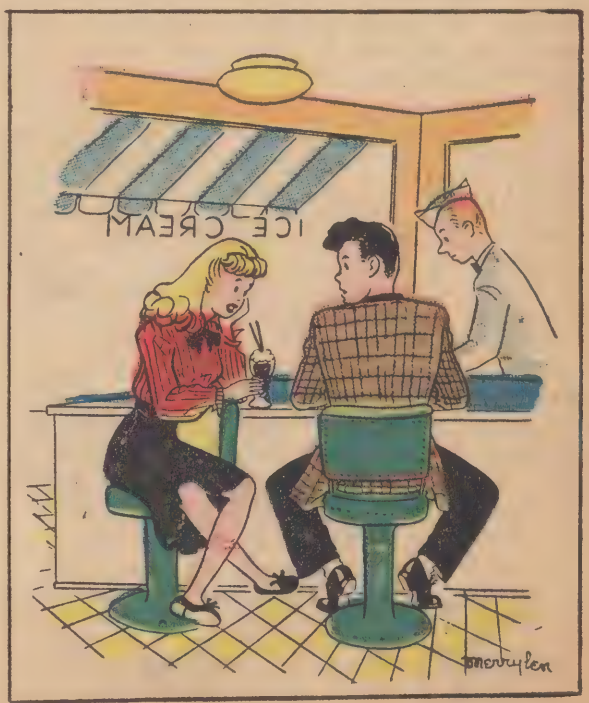
Aunt Jane hesitated another minute, then with the air of one who reaches an important decision, she put down coke and cracker. She rose.

"All right, boy, I'll do it!"

The years had slowed Aunt Jane a trifle, but they had left her limber as ever: she twirled round the floor like a girl. The kids stopped for a minute to clap, then polkaed on faster than ever. Midge sat blissfully, sure that all this was a beautiful dream that would momentarily burst like a bubble. Vaguely she was conscious of Mother and Father standing in the doorway, open-mouthed with amazement, of Father's grabbing Mother and polkaing off with the rest. Then the spirit of the thing got her; she jumped up and joined the fun, partnerless but happy, chuckling with sheer delight. Round and round she whirled in that mad, mad polka, hearing over the sound of the music and dancing feet, a call that summed up the whole wonderful time—the voice of brother Bud yelling above the uproar,

"Swing it, Aunty, swing it!"

THE END



"I think I love you—I always feel kind of sick when I think of you!"

Nancy takes up:

IT'S all very well to talk about it, and even read about it, but when you're in the saddle and nearly a ton of horseflesh is tossing you back and forth, it's a different story! And, I have to add, it's *my* story. That's the whole trouble!

Me, Nancy Brett! Sometimes I get so mad at myself I could split a shirtsleeve. *I* never can let well enough alone. *I* have to be different. It was only yesterday that I was on my front porch, minding my own business. As a matter of fact I was rather enjoying myself with an anthology of horse stories, when who pops in but the big heart-throb himself, Mark Young.

When Mark saw me reading the horse anthology, he grinned, "I ought to give you a horse laugh —" (*he has a millyun of 'em*) "— but I'm in a pretty good frame of mind today, so I'm going to educate you about horses."

I know, I know. That was my cue to fold my book and silently steal away. Mark has *educated* me before. I didn't do more than finger the book-mark before he had me by the wrist and was twisting a promise out of me to go riding with him down at Spencer's Stables, Horses for Gentlewomen a Specialty, the next p.m.

That's why I'm so mad at myself. What's a broken wrist compared to this squirming and bouncing hither and yon and back and forth in this little curve of leather somebody laughingly named a saddle? I'm sore at myself in more places than one, too! If I had a broken wrist, everybody'd be sorry for me, and I'd be home in bed with some iced lemonade and my anthology on the horse.

Instead —

I was taken to a lovely stable painted white and royal blue, where a lot of pretty chicks and good-looking he-pals were standing around waiting for their mounts. It was like an ad page out of a magazine. Me, I didn't look too bad either, in my brown jodphurs and yellow waist and sweater. Right there was where my pleasure stopped. Dead.

To my dying day I'll never know why the grooms all ran for a horse when *I* walked on the scene. Everybody else had been waiting loads longer than I. But they grabbed three gigantic monsters and ran them in my direction, ignoring everybody else. I was willing to go along with a joke, so I turned to run to, but Mark grabbed my arm and held on. My feet moved, but Mark is one-eighty and varsity left half on the school pigskin team, so the rest of me stayed put.

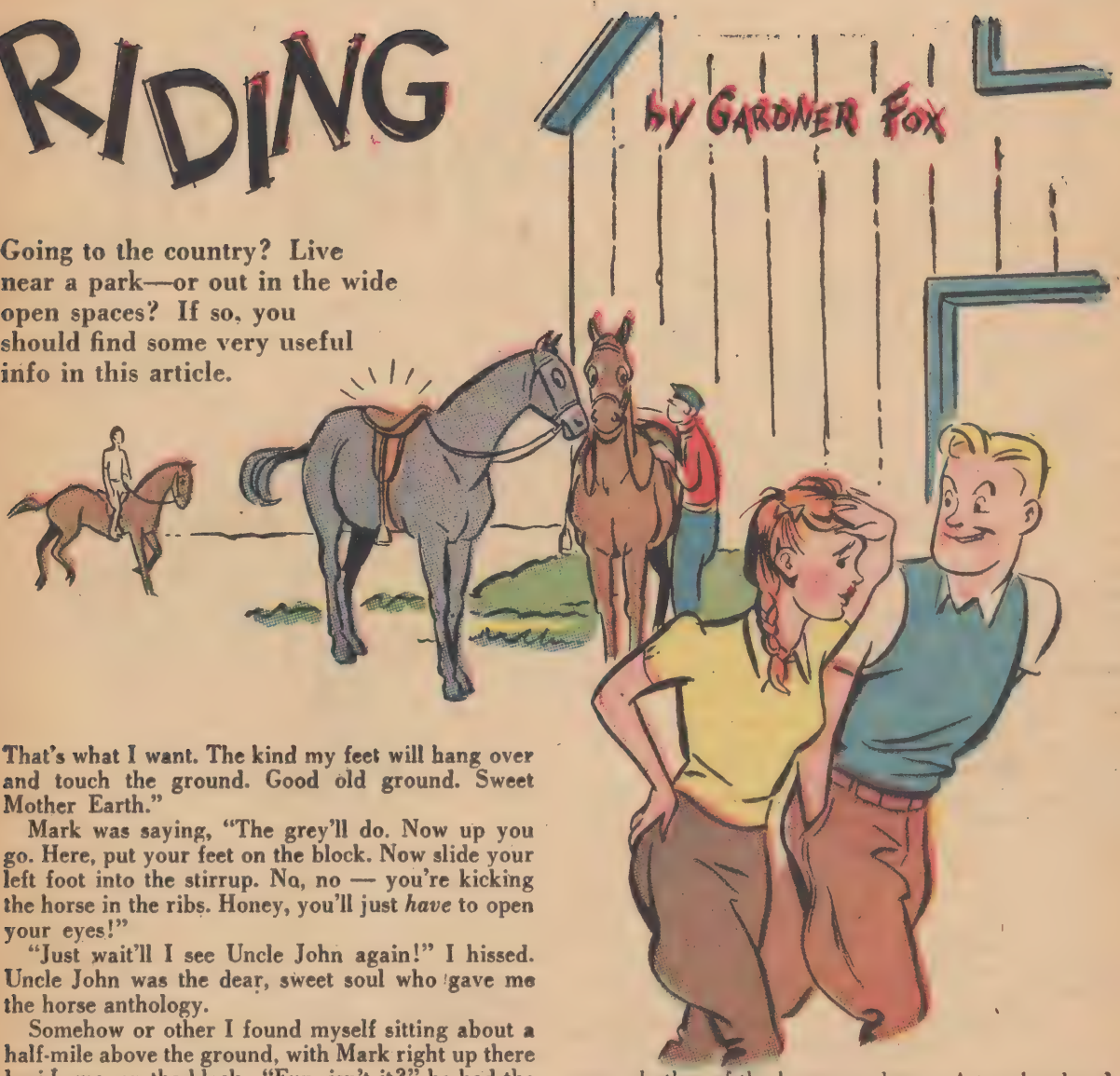
"Take your pick," grinned Mark. "The black, the bay or the grey."

I closed my eyes. "A tiny one. A little bitsy pony.

RIDING

by GARDNER FOX

Going to the country? Live near a park—or out in the wide open spaces? If so, you should find some very useful info in this article.



That's what I want. The kind my feet will hang over and touch the ground. Good old ground. Sweet Mother Earth."

Mark was saying, "The grey'll do. Now up you go. Here, put your feet on the block. Now slide your left foot into the stirrup. No, no — you're kicking the horse in the ribs. Honey, you'll just *have* to open your eyes!"

"Just wait'll I see Uncle John again!" I hissed. Uncle John was the dear, sweet soul who gave me the horse anthology.

Somehow or other I found myself sitting about a half-mile above the ground, with Mark right up there beside me, on the black. "Fun, isn't it?" he had the nerve to say.

"Well," I had to admit, "horse-back riding isn't as bad as I thought it would be, I'm not being jounced around or anything."

"Swell. Now we'll start to move, instead of standing still . . . keep your feet firmly in the stirrups, partially supporting your weight. Knee your mount firmly when you trot. Sit up straight. Hold your reins loosely, ready to turn your horse whenever you want. To get him to go left you pull steadily to his left. Pull right to turn him in that direction. Now, let's start . . ."

We walked away from the stables, swaying to the easy rhythm of the horses under us. A tree-bordered pathway led off into the woods. Mark smiled, "Now we're ready to canter, which is always done from the walk."

We cantered. I slipped and I slid, but gradually, I began to get the hang of the thing. The big point to remember is that above the waist the rider should be loose, ready to give to the horse's motion. The breeze was sweet on my face. I started to have fun.

We trotted. "Grip the saddle with the knees and rise to his movements," said Mark. And off we went.

I'll probably be sore for a week, but not at Mark. Because, when we came back from our ride an hour later, I had discovered that there was a lot to horse-back riding, and that all of it was fun.

Why don't you try it, too? It doesn't cost too much, and the price of a couple of lessons to learn isn't prohibitive.

I'm going in for it myself in a big way — after I heal!

Good riding!

THE END

SOME'RE

The Man-Trap and the Shutter-Bug are types
that we abhor;
One snaps pix, the other, men — and each is
quite a bore!

Romeo and Juliet are never far apart,
They feel no pain except the one
they get from Cupid's dart.

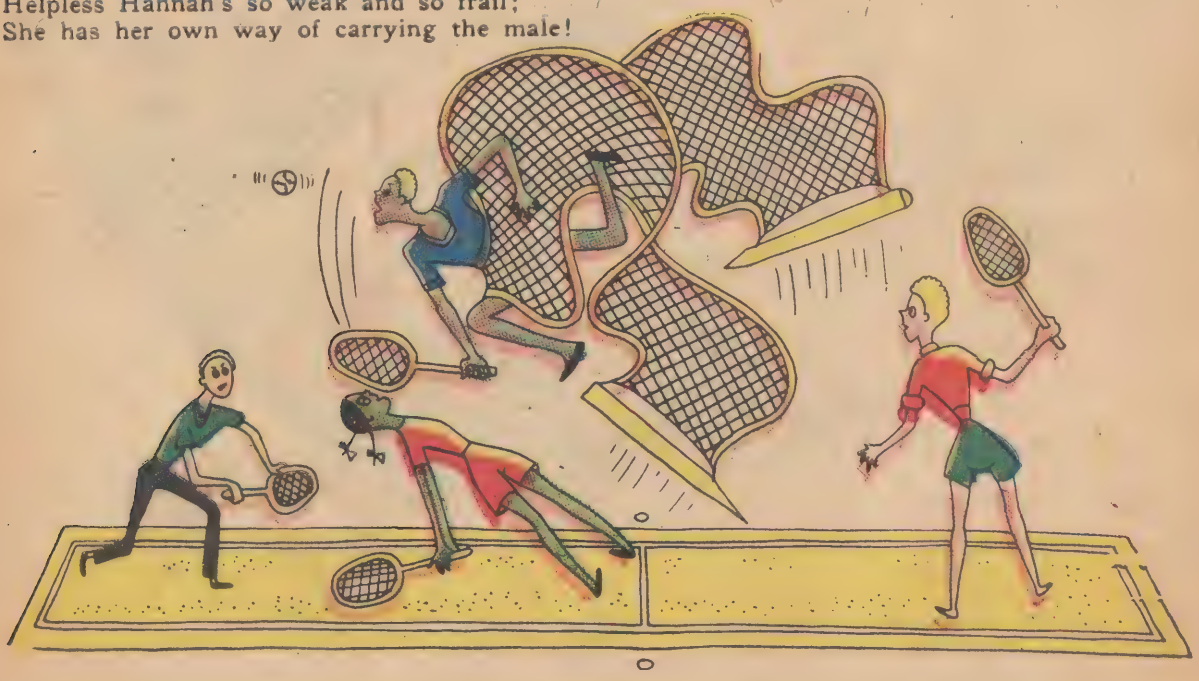
Why must the goon who can't swim or float
Always get active when out in a boat?

PESTS

Verses by Reighe. Pictures by Ottenheimer

The Beach Acrobats are a menace to all —
Their pride as a rule preceedeth their fall.

Helpless Hannah's so weak and so frail;
She has her own way of carrying the male!



The Terrific Amateur, in his energetic way,
Seeks to prove that strength surpasses skill
at any game you play!

GEO-QUIZ

by NORMAN DALY

By taking a little visual trip around the diagram below you will visit 10 different countries. If you're as smart as you've been telling them at the soda-fountain you will have little difficulty identifying each nation, BUT . . . will you be able to name the capitol? Score yourself 5 points for naming the country correctly and 5 points for the capitol. 50 to 60 leaves you with little reason to brag. Up to 90 isn't bad. 100 points? Well, you HAVE been around! Answers will be found on page 32.

1	_____	_____	6	_____	_____
2	_____	_____	7	_____	_____
3	_____	_____	8	_____	_____
4	_____	_____	9	_____	_____
5	_____	_____	10	_____	_____

In five minutes, the room was a wreck. At last Marg threw herself on the bed, her eyes brimming.

Poor Girl

by Kathleen Briggs

"BUT what will we do about Lucy Gresham?"

The question was asked in an anguished whisper as two pairs of eyes followed the slight figure moving up the walk to the girl's dormitory.

"I'm afraid," Marg's expression was apprehensive, "that Lucy is going to be an extra-curricular problem."

Pegeen Pembroke kicked at a little pile of acorns that had escaped the grounds-keeper's critical eye "Why did she have to come to Durham Hall?" she demand resentfully. "And why does she have to be a member of the Undergraduates Club?" *(Continued on next page)*

"You know the answer to that as well as I do — her mother attended Durham and was a charter member of the U.C., which makes Lucy a member automatically. It's traditional . . . there's nothing we can do about it."

"That's a nice complacent attitude, Marg, but it won't get results. The Club has a reputation to uphold. If Lucy can't get a date for the Autumn Hop, it will reflect on all of us."

Marg's warm full mouth drooped at the corners.

"Well Peg, I'm certainly not going to ask any boy I know to drag her. From that second on I'd be a marked woman!"

Pegeen giggled then sobered abruptly. "If only she had some decent clothes."

"Yeah. Lucy's have that loving-hands-at-home look."

"I guess she can't help that," Pegeen admitted, with exaggerated magnanimity. "She told Marylou that it had taken every cent her family could scrape together to send her to Durham."

Marg bit her lips "We've got to admit she's raised the scholastic average of the U.C. Her grades are super — she's a wonderful student."

"'Grind' is the word, darling," Pegeen corrected. "Why, do you know, I even caught her composing poetry during Leisure Hour last month!"

* * *

Linking arms the two girls turned their sweater-clad backs on the school and sauntered along the oak-lined walk to Durham Village. Once again their talk bubbled with plans for the coming party. The Autumn Hop was an annual affair and the first of a series initiated by the girls of the Undergraduates Club. Each member was supposed to invite a boy from Carew Academy, a military school nearby.

Pegeen's neatly manicured fingers curled around a carefully-checked list. Today, as a committee of two, she and Marg were to interview the florist, select crepe-paper for decorations and attend to all the divers details of the exciting event.

They had almost reached Ye Old Flower Potte when a voice hailed them exuberantly. "Hay, date-bait, put on the brakes!"

Both Marg and Pegeen spun around, their hearts doing nip-ups. There was no mistaking that voice! It belonged to Bill Kennely, the Carew Academy version of Guy Madison. He caught up with them, grinning amiably.

"Whither goest thou, fair maidens?"

"We're going a-shopping, sir, she said," Marg replied. "Pegeen and I, are garnering the finishing touches for the Autumn Hop. You coming, Bill?"

Silly question number one, she thought. *Undoubtedly Bill Kennely had been dated up at least a month ago.*

"Sure thing," he confirmed, "Lucy Greshan is dragging me."

"Lucy!"

Pegeen and Marg's voices soared in dual amazement.

"Right. We come from the same town, you know."

"Oh — *that* explains it!"

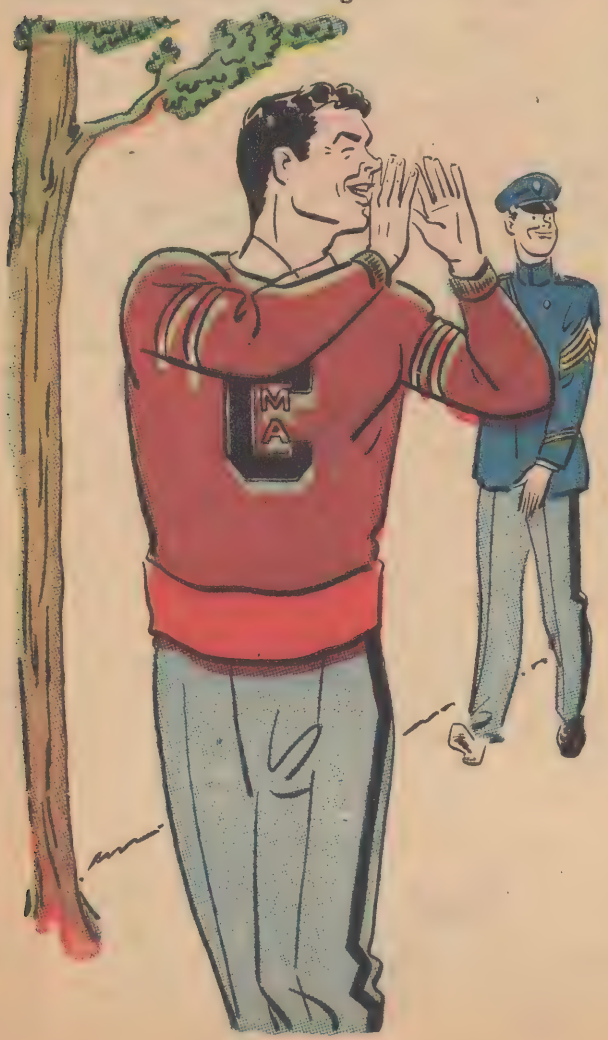
Marg spoke first and thought afterward. Bill's gray eyes sparkled good-naturedly. "Don't you tabbies ever sheathe your claws?"

Deep pink crept over Marg's neck and face. "I didn't mean — " she fumbled, "I mean I didn't know Lucy knew anyone at Carew, but of course if you're from the same town —"

Now Bill's amusement had turned to outright laughter.

"I know what you mean, perfectly. You think Lucy's mother asked my mother to write me to be nice to Lucy. Well, gals, you're off the beam. I have reason to suspect it was the other way around."

Both girls were too dumbfounded to murmur more than an astounded "Oh."



Bill's long fingers reached out and, taking a soft strand of Marg's red-gold hair, held it up to the sunlight.

"Look," he teased mockingly, "your streak of pure Persian is showing!"

A hot wave of anger made Marg forget his resemblance to Madison pin-ups that decorated her room.

"Bill Kennely, I think you're horrid! *My* name won't be on your dance card!"

Bill emitted an overwrought wail, then whooped.

"How can you be so cruel, Margie? It's certainly going to be hard to take that extra waltz with Lucy even though I know she's the best dancer at Durham!"

Waving them an airily gay farewell, he ambled down the sidewalk, then turned and yelled a derisive "Meow!"

Marg and Pegeen crimsoned as the cat-call focused the curious eyes of passersby on them. They were suddenly grateful for the protective shelter of Ye Old Flower Potte.

By tacit consent Lucy Gresham was not mentioned again until the two girls were strolling up the long corridor to their own room in Durham Hall dormitory. Then Pegeen burst out with "I don't see how she had the nerve to ask Bill Kennely!"

Marg eyed her friend in mild surprise. "Why not? Bill certainly gave us to understand that they'd practically shared the same cradle."

"I mean her clothes," Pegeen persisted. "She hasn't a decent party dress to her name. I watched her unpack . . . she owns a rag in mauve taffeta that must have seen three winters. And that is the one and only!"

"Her parents probably can't afford another."

Pegeen's sea-green eyes twinkled with mischief. "Here's her door. Let's go in and ask her what she's going to wear!"

"Isn't that rather rubbing it in?"

"Who cares?"

Pegeen's fingers were already turning the knob of Lucy's door. It swung inward revealing a sight that made both girls gasp with unrestrained admiration. Lucy was gowned in a bouffant party dress of robin's egg blue net, embroidered with French lover's knots of velvet ribbon and crystal beads. She pirouetted happily before her long mirror, her usually pale cheeks flushed with pleasure. As she caught sight of them she whirled around, suddenly shy.

"Oh! I didn't hear you knock!"

"We didn't," Marg admitted guiltily. "We came to ask what you were going to wear to the Autumn Hop; I guess this is our answer."

Lucy nodded, her eyes sparkling. "Isn't it lovely? I just bought it in the Village this afternoon."

* * *

Back in their own room Marg chuckled softly.

"I guess Lucy isn't going to be a problem after all — she seems to do all right for herself."

A furrow transformed Pegeen's smooth forehead.

"Her family must have crashed through after all; she told me last week she couldn't expect another cent until Christmas."

Marg sighed fretfully. "Let's forget Lucy for awhile and check over this list. I'm afraid the Hop is going to cost more than we planned."

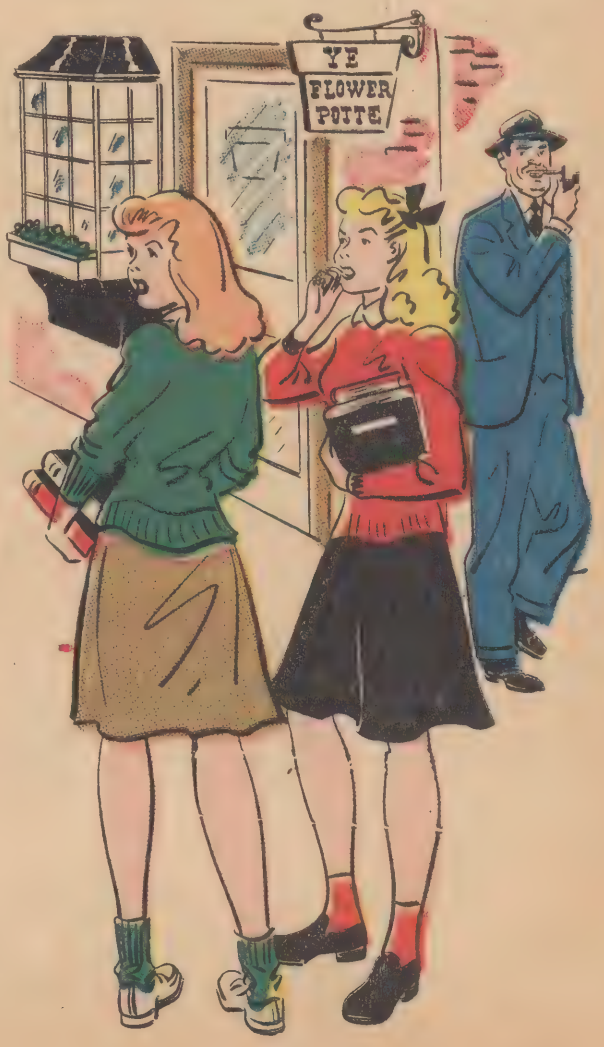
"How much money have we?" Pegeen asked.

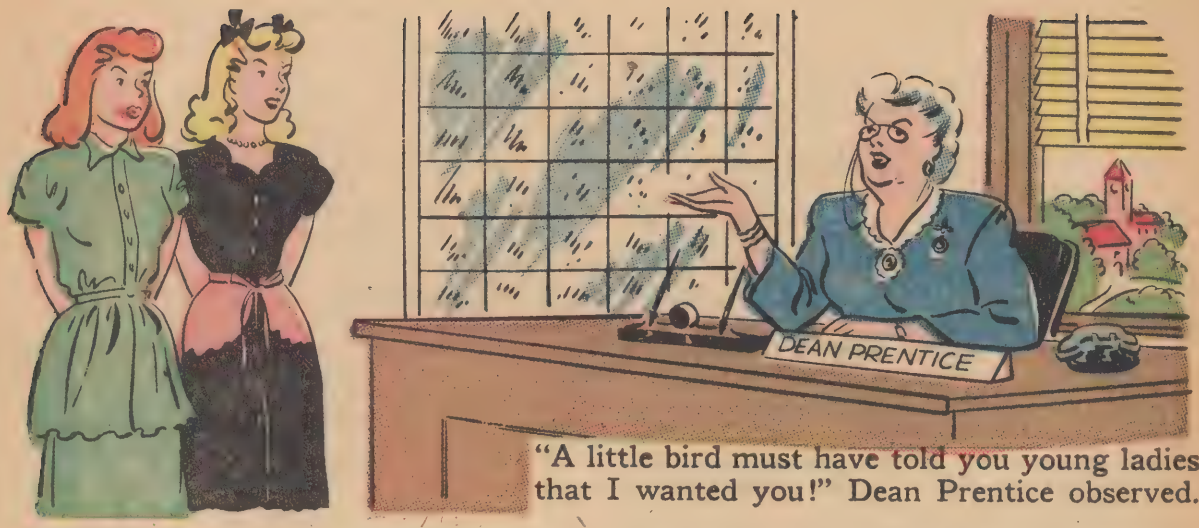
"About sixty dollars. Get the box; we'll re-count it."

"Where is it?"

"Same place we hid it — behind the bathtub."

Pegeen vanished into the bathroom. Marg heard thumpings and bangings and finally a dispirited wail. "I simply can't find it, Marg.





"A little bird must have told you young ladies that I wanted you!" Dean Prentice observed.

Are you sure you didn't move it?"

"Of course not, silly, it's right under your nose."

But it wasn't under Pegeen's pert little nose and five minutes later the room was a shambles as the two tore open bureau drawers in a frantic search. At last Marg threw herself on her bed, her eyes brimming.

"It's no use, Peg! I saw it behind the tub only last night. Someone has *stolen* it!"

"Who knew it was there beside ourselves?"

"Just Ellen Hinchcliff and Lucy."

"Ellen would have no reason to take it — she's wealthy," Pegeen said.

Their eyes met in sheer horror, seeing again the vision of Lucy in her newly-purchased party dress.

"But I can't believe Lucy—" Marg didn't complete the sentence.

"There's no use guessing," Pegeen pointed out. "The only thing to do is to go directly to the Dean."

* * *

Dean Prentice's office was formidably enclosed in glass brick but her eyes behind rimless spectacles were kindly and bright as she received Marg and Pegeen.

"A little bird must have told you young ladies that I wanted you" she observed shrewdly. I've something of yours here."

She pointed to her desk. On it reposed the box of money.

"The Autumn Hop funds!" the girls exclaimed together.

Dean Prentice nodded.

"The janitor found it when he was fixing some plumbing today. I think you'd better find a safer hiding place, girls. I want your dance to be a success — it must be now that your group has a special reason to be proud."

Marg frowned. "I don't quite understand, Dean Prentice."

"Haven't you heard about Lucy Gresham? One of her poems won a twenty-five dollar prize in a scholastic magazine. We're reprinting it in the next issue of the school paper."

* * *

Music welled up from the Durham Hall ballroom in a rippling crescendo of melody. Ahead of Marg and Pegeen, Lucy Gresham floated down the stairs in her new blue dress. Bill Kennely, waiting at the newel post, was all eyes. Marg nudged Pegeen.

"You know, Peg, Lucy put us down for dances on Bill's tally card. When the time comes I think the least we can do is to tell him what a swell gal she is."

Pegeen nodded. "I thought of that too, Pet, but from the way Bill's looking at her, he's appreciated the thoroughbred in Lucy for a long time."

As the lilting rhythms soared to embrace them, Marg sighed gently.

"How could we have been so wrong?" Peg, from now on I'm not forming any first impressions — it's always the second ones that ring true!"

THE END

Answers to Quiz on Page 28

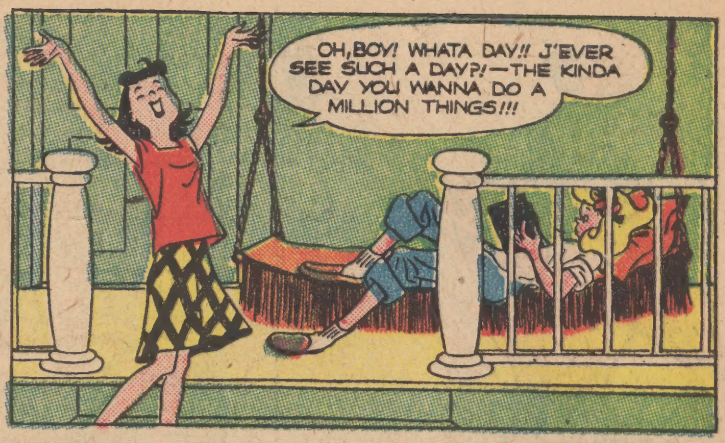
1...AUSTRALIA, Canberra
2...EGYPT, Cairo
3...ITALY, Rome
4...RUSSIA, Moscow
5...JAPAN, Tokio
6...INDIA, New Delhi
7...GREECE, Athens
8...MEXICO, Mexico City
9...SPAIN, Madrid
10..NETHERLANDS, Amsterdam

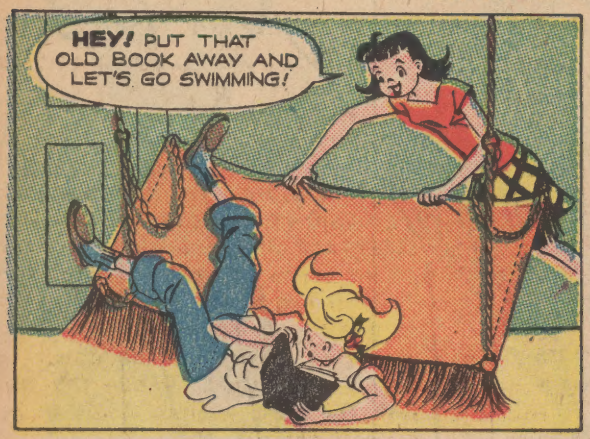
TEENA

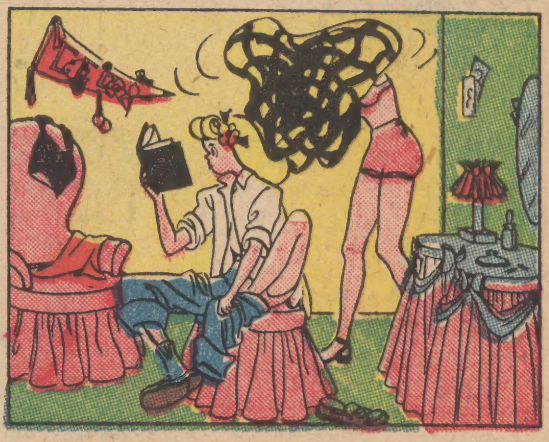
BY

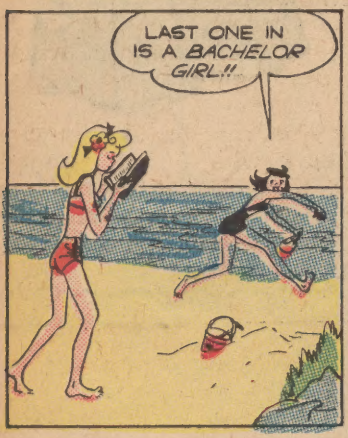
Hilda Terry

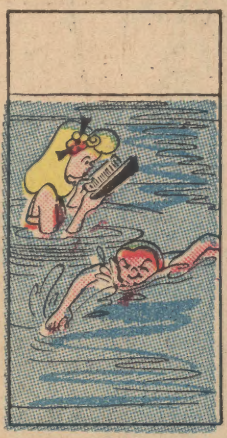
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

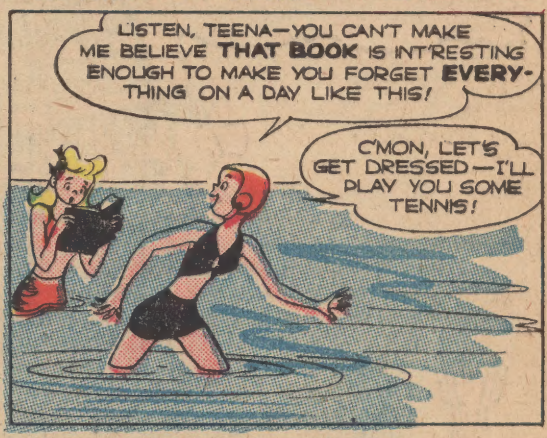


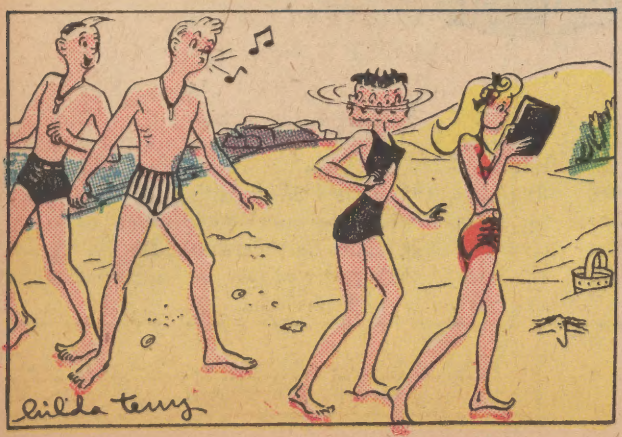


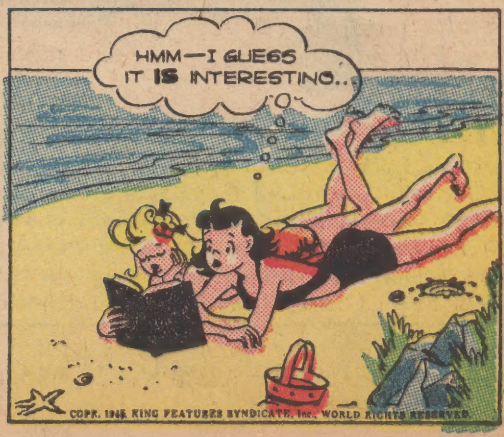






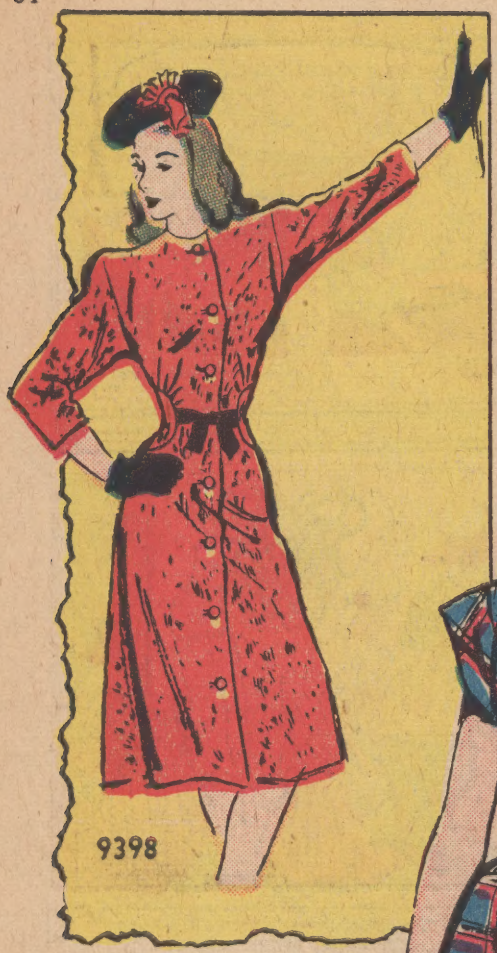


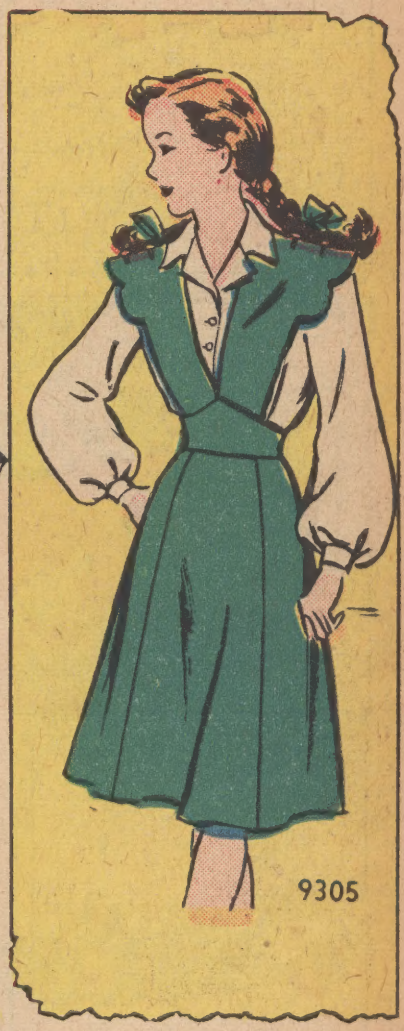


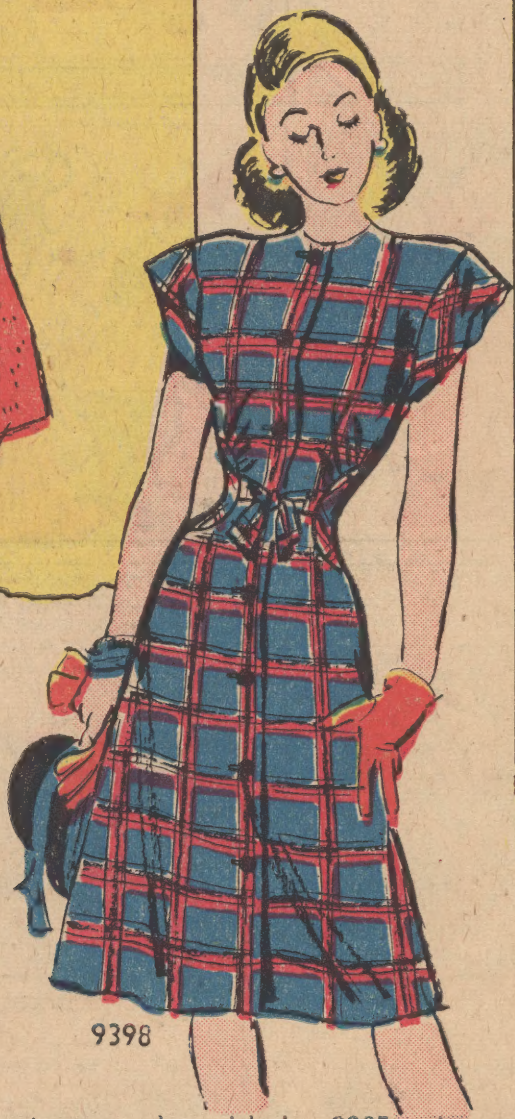


COPR. 1945 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, Inc. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

WAIST LINES







9398 — Softly styled for important date nights! Make this frock in cotton or rayon for now, or in wool for fall. The curved insets at the waist makes little of your middle . . . so flattering. Note: frock has buttons for quick and easy dressing plus choice of four sleeve lengths. Jr. Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3 yards 35 inch fabric.

9305 — A teen-age jumper featuring up-to-the-minute details. The wide scalloped shoulder line is flattering, the nipped in waistline is chic. Perfect for school, coke dates and movie time. Blouse pattern included. Teen-age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, jumper, 1½ yards of 54 inch material; blouse, 1¼ yards 39 inch material.

Send 25 CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: KEEN TEENS, Pattern Department, 243 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

FIFTEEN CENTS more for the new Fall Pattern Book with a free pattern printed right in the book.

Will You Accept this COMBINATION GIFT And Help Yourself to Wonderful *New* SKIN BEAUTY and PERSONAL CHARM

Yours almost for the asking . . . ENTICING LOVELINESS!

A FAMOUS MODEL'S OWN FACIAL— a complete Mint Julep Cocktail treatment

Have you always admired and envied the delicate beauty and fine skin texture of the famous fashion models? Then here's your chance to profit by one of their secret beauty rites. Try a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial in the privacy of your own home. It's the very same treatment designed by an outstanding dermatologist and now featured at the smartest Beauty Salons for as much as $2.50. After the rigors of a crowded day's schedule, many of the nationally known models find soothing, cooling relaxation with a Mint Julep Cocktail Facial. It's a jiffy routine that leaves your skin immaculately clean, fresh and young, and sets you up for the fun of play-time hours.

ALL FREE with this offer

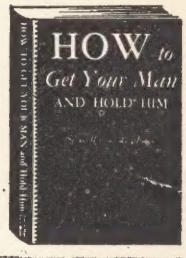
Are you a "back-number" with the opposite sex? You don't have to be—for every girl is born with natural charm. But you must know how to bring it out! Now at last an amazing book, "Better Than Beauty" by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities) shows you how to cultivate your inborn charm, glamour and captivating personality. Just as this wonderful guide to popularity has helped thousands of others, so it can help you also. It will show you how to be the kind of girl that other girls envy and boys admire.

"Better Than Beauty" was originally published at $1.98. But here is a sensational combination gift offer: You get "Better Than Beauty" . . . plus an *intimately* important book "How To Get Your Man and Hold Him". . . *plus* a special gift with this offer of three jars of beauty-building facial creams—all for only $1.98, the original price of one book alone! See special offer below.

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL CHARMING AND POPULAR *—at once!*

Fully Illustrated

172 pages 49 illustrations



"BETTER THAN BEAUTY" Your *Complete* Guide to Charm

• Part of Contents •

SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
13. How much sleep do you need?
14. When is a girl smartly dressed?
15. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
16. How to dress if you are very tall.
17. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do.
18. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
19. Building your wardrobe.
20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
21. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
22. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

23. How to meet people in cordial and poised manners.
24. Adding interest to your voice.
25. The art of conversation.
26. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
27. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
28. Having a good time at a party.
29. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
30. How are your telephone manners?
31. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
32. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
33. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 4408 45 E. 17th ST., NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

"HOW TO GET YOUR MAN"

Somewhere in this world there's the one man you want to marry. How can you find him? In a remarkably outspoken book Steven Hart and Lucy Brown tell you the answer to this and many other problems of meeting and marrying the man you love.

SEND NO MONEY:

"Better Than Beauty" plus "How to Get Your Man" and also the wonderful gift items—The Mint Julep Cocktail Facial Kit—will be sent to you for your free approval. Here's a beauty and charm building combination that is guaranteed to give you thrilling satisfaction. See our amazing offer in the coupon.

THIS IS A LIMITED OFFER *Mail Coupon Today!*

Herald Publishing Co., Dept. D4408
45 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Send me for FREE approval one copy each of "Better Than Beauty" and "How to Get Your Man". Also include as a special gift the 3-jar Mint Julep Cocktail Treatment. I will pay postman $1.98 (plus postage) when package arrives. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the books and keep the creams and you will refund the full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City & Zone ..... State .....

☐ *Save postage. Enclose $1.98 with coupon and we will ship FREE Approval books and creams to you postpaid. Same return privilege if not satisfied.*

WHAT A HIT!

NOW FOR A

CURTiSS **Baby Ruth** CANDY

rich in dextrose

Gee! Baby Ruth Cookies are *great!*

Buy 'em or Bake 'em!

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

Good Fun : It's a good old American custom; to relax with the gang and enjoy a tempting **Baby Ruth** bar. The minute you bite into that chewy, delicious candy, you know it's the *best* you can buy.

Good Food: You need lots of energy to keep up with the team. **Baby Ruth** candy is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy . . . contains other vital ingredients, too.

CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.